

# The Freeman

VOL. V. No. 121.

NEW YORK, 5 JULY, 1922

15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 385

TOPICS OF THE TIME  
A Great Discovery, 388  
Debts That Are No More, 388  
There Ariseth a Little Cloud,  
390  
The Inconstant Visitor, 391

The Double Patriot, by Andreas  
Latko, 392  
Feminism Versus Christianity, by  
Dora Russell, 394  
An Apostle of Revolt, by Joseph  
L. Tynan, 395

LETTERS FROM ABROAD  
So This Is Paris! by Harold  
E. Stearns, 398

MISCELLANY, 399

MUSIC  
A Futurist Experiment, by  
Natalie Curtis, 400

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The Unearned Increment, by  
G. L., 402; The Fluctuating  
Market, by W. W. S., 402;  
Principles of Prosody, by  
Charles Edward Russell, 402;  
"The Hairy Ape," by Louis  
Kantor, 402

## BOOKS

Two English Poets, by John  
Gould Fletcher, 403  
A Peep at the Hindu Spirit,  
by Edward Sapir, 404  
A Reticent Diplomat, by S. R.  
Franklin, 404  
Youth in Cuba, by Isaac Gold-  
berg, 405  
Shorter Notices, 406

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK, 406

THIS is not all. Mr. Lasker could well afford also, by a system of rebates, to scale down a patron's passage-money in proportion to his bar-bill, thus giving every practical benefit of a cut rate and thereby further discouraging competition while at the same time raking in a ducal revenue. A good steady capacious drinker could, by strict attention to business, travel at an extremely cheap net rate of passage, and while pursuing these economies, he could, moreover, enjoy a high excessive time. Indeed, we are personally acquainted with several who, we believe, could drink their way across the ocean first class at something less than steerage-rates. For long voyages, on the Mediterranean route for instance, Mr. Lasker could no doubt arrange to have retreats set up for temporary occupation at every port of call, in which those who showed wear and tear could be boiled out and recuperate until they were in condition to resume their journey. We can not, to save our lives, understand how Mr. Lasker got his reputation as an alert man of business since he permits opportunities like these to brush his elbows and pass him by.

FROM the White House there comes an announcement to the effect that the United States Government intends "to adhere to the traditional American policy of not confiscating enemy private property taken over in time of war." If Mr. Harding and his friends actually have any such intention as this, we would extend to them our heartiest congratulations, and at the same time we would express the hope that they will shortly do something more than they have yet done, or proposed to do, in the way of discounting their high resolve in terms of dollars and cents. As we see it, the details of the official programme do not altogether confirm the generalization quoted above. The Government does not contemplate a general restoration of enemy property sequestered during the war; it proposes rather to ask Congress for legislation which will permit a monetary settlement in the case of trusts valued at ten thousand dollars or less, and will allow also for the payment of an equal sum on each of the larger trusts.

If this financial operation is carried through, it will involve a reduction of \$24 million, or about four per cent, in a sum total of trusts officially evaluated last December at about \$575 million. If Representative Woodruff of Michigan is right in his contention that this estimate leaves nearly a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of sequestered property still unaccounted for, it appears that the proposed legislation will not provide for the settlement of as much as one-thirty-second part of our Government's obligations to its alien victims. The balance of a quarter of a billion is probably lost, strayed or stolen, and gone for ever. It is the intention of the Government that the disposition of such property as still remains in the hands of the Custodian shall be entrusted to a mixed-claims commission. The German Government has already agreed to the appointment by the American authorities of two out of the three commissioners. When the high court assembles, it will have to consider not only the claims of Germans upon \$800 million worth of property in America, one-fourth of which is said already to have disappeared, but also the claims of Americans for more than \$400 million in losses attributed to sinkings by submarines; and besides all this, the two American commissioners will be expected to look out for the collection

## CURRENT COMMENT.

THERE has not been much in the news since our last issue, concerning the maritime bootlegging-enterprises of our Uncle Samuel. The only item that we have noticed bears reference chiefly to the motives of Mr. Adolphus Busch in giving publicity to the astute old man's thrifty scheme. Mr. Busch, it appears, was out to kill two birds with one stone; he wished to boost the German mercantile marine at the expense of ours (his grandfather being a personal friend of the late German Emperor) and at the same time, to boost the prospects of the beer business. All this may be sound enough in point of fact; but in point of argument, there seems to be a kind of irrelevancy and unsatisfactoriness about it. Mr. Busch raised two questions: first, is Uncle Sam a bootlegger; second, if he is, is it quite fair and square that he should be one? It is hardly a competent answer to these questions to say that Mr. Busch is interested in the success of the German mercantile marine and in the use of beer. Mr. Lasker's reply reminds one of the logic of the editor whose strictures on a road-building project are quoted by Artemus Ward: "The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug, but *our* aunt isn't bald-headed and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal."

WE do not like to indulge in personalities, but we can not help saying that Mr. Lasker would have made a better impression on us if he had shown himself a better business man. We seem to see several ways to enhance the prestige of the American mercantile marine and to increase its profits, and they are so simple that we are surprised that they did not occur at once to Mr. Lasker. In the first place, the Government confiscates every month, probably, enough contraband liquor to stock all of Mr. Lasker's ships for a year. If, instead of destroying this liquor, the Government should turn it over to Mr. Lasker, he would thus get all his supplies free, except for the trifling cost of handling, and he could inaugurate a line of cut prices that would make the competition of foreign-owned ships look pretty sick. He could restore the old, standard, time-honoured, custom-honoured price of whisky—"fifteen cents a throw, two for a quarter, put your hand around the glass." There is a sentimental value, a magic, a mystical glamour about those sacrosanct syllables, to which literally thousands of Mr. Lasker's fellow-citizens would rise responsive; and rising, they would call him blessed.

of the little bill for the maintenance of the American forces on the Rhine, which comes now to about \$300 million. But even in spite of such a confusion of issues, already many times confounded, the property-rights of our alien enemies may eventually be vindicated. There are people who say that such will be the outcome; indeed there are people who believe that miracles are still as much of a possibility as they ever were—and so, no doubt, they are.

THE Railway Labour Board, that amiable instrument through which the Government relieves the railway-companies of the burden of reducing wages, has been preparing a reply to the protests of the lower grade railway-workers against having the sum of \$135 million lopped off their annual earnings. The attitude of the Board is said to be summed up in a phrase that reads: "Every citizen, including railway-employees, should bear and forbear until the carriers are back on their feet." Obviously, the Labour Board has been paying scant attention to the annual reports of the carriers that have been dribbling into the press since 1 June, generally showing substantial increases in net earnings over the previous year, and an unusual state of railway-prosperity, especially when one considers what a lean and even emaciated period the past year was for ordinary lines of industry that could not depend on a benevolent Government to maintain for them the prices of their products at an artificially high level. For the larger roads, net earnings in the neighbourhood of ten per cent have not been unusual, and only a few days back we noticed that one road reported forty-one per cent net available for dividends, which is a pretty fair exhibit. Moreover, the reports of current monthly earnings for 1922 are showing whopping big gains over 1921. For the last month reported by the Bureau of Railway Economics, 137 of the 201 Class I railways had a gain of sixty-one per cent in operating-income over 1921. The railways seem to be "back on their feet." The question is how much longer we must "bear and forbear" while various governmental agencies permit them to stand on the feet of the rest of us.

THE social-service organizations attached to the Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish Churches, have protested against the persistent indifference displayed by the Harding Administration towards the approaching coal-shortage and probable famine. They have addressed a joint memorial to the President, importuning him to initiate an immediate investigation of the coal-industry, and to end the strike now. This, it seems to us, is a considerable waste of breath on the part of the religious brethren. Our political rulers are not concerned about the economic well-being of the population. Their energies are at present wholly devoted to the problem of keeping themselves in office; which problem they attempt to solve chiefly by concocting bonuses of various kinds to be paid out of the pockets of the underlying population to various privileged groups. There is the bonus to ship-owners, which Mr. Harding is pressing with an almost tearful earnestness; there is the bonus to the soldiers, with which a frightened legislative Old Guard hopes to purchase a longer lease of political life at the public expense; there is the huge bonus to privileged interests involved in the new tariff. Such matters are the normal business of politics, and we do not see how the natural preoccupation of the Administration with them will leave any time for devising ways and means to dissipate the prospect of economic calamity that increases with each week of the coal-strike. Moreover, if there is one thing which in our opinion more than another could add to the muddle in the coal-industry, that is a political investigation. We think the religious bodies would be wise to let bad enough alone.

Now that the trouble between the striking coal-miners and the operators has boiled over in a serious shooting-affray in southern Illinois, it becomes appropriate for

some of our liberal friends to cry out for the whole truth about Herrin. The press-reports have certainly made out the strikers, and the operators as well, to be a pretty bad lot; we must say that the news has been reported, in this case, with an uncommon impartiality. The liberals want the truth, and when the truth has been brought forth, after long investigation, they will no doubt be able to show that the operators and their gun-toting guards were largely responsible for bringing on the fight, as some of the conservative newspapers already intimate. The coroner's jury, indeed, has put entire responsibility upon the operators, and the newspapers report that it has done so. But if this point were proved beyond doubt or question, where precisely should we be? We know already that blood has been shed, not once only, but many times, in the course of the conflict between masters and men in the coal-industry. We do not know who fired the first shot upon each occasion, nor do we greatly care, for it seems to us that such minutiae of fact are all too easily accepted as a substitute for the only truth that is altogether pertinent to the situation—the truth about the causes of economic exploitation and industrial war.

WHEN the Japanese Government sent armed forces into Siberia four years ago, it announced that this action was taken at the request of the American Government, to save Siberia from the Germans and to evacuate the Czechoslovak refugees, who were being attacked by armed German and Austrian war-prisoners. This statement was frankly dishonest. Siberia was in no more danger from the Germans than the State of Utah, and the Czechoslovaks were not being attacked; neither were they being evacuated, but were being utilized by the Japanese Government and its Allies in an attempt to overthrow the Russian Government and set up a cat's-paw regime of their own. The Japanese Government added that as soon as the Czechoslovaks had been saved, the Japanese troops would be withdrawn. Time demonstrated that this was a lie. Finally, in a solemn declaration, the Japanese Government pledged itself to its "avowed policy of respecting the territorial integrity of Russia and of abstaining from all interference in her internal politics." This pledge the Japanese Government has violated consistently from the day its forces landed. Recently the New York *World* obtained from the State Department and published the text, received from official sources, of the demands made by the Japanese Government on the Government of the Far Eastern Republic as conditions precedent to what the Japanese Government officially called "evacuation." These conditions probably put the final shade of mendacity upon Japanese pretensions.

TO-DAY Japan holds the maritime province from Vladivostok to Nikolaevsk. Territorially this may be roughly compared to a seizure of our Atlantic Coast States from Maine to Virginia. It has also occupied the northern or Russian part of the island of Sakhalin, about 15,000 square miles in area. According to the Japanese terms, the evacuation of the mainland "is to be carried out by Japan at a moment considered appropriate by herself." This moment will probably coincide with the millennium. As for Sakhalin, that must be leased to Japan for thirty years. In other words the term "evacuation" is used by the Japanese Government in a Pickwickian sense. It is in the same sense that the Japanese Government observes its pledge of non-interference in Russian affairs. The Japanese Government insists that Japanese subjects within the Far Eastern Republic have all the rights of what it calls "Russian subjects"; that Japanese fishing-rights in Russian waters be extended; that the most-favoured-nation treatment be accorded to the Japanese people and Japanese shipping-interests; that "the restrictions on mining-concessions be lifted in favour of Japanese subjects"; and that private ownership be recognized in favour of the Japanese. In other words, the Far Eastern Republic is in the position of a householder whose premises have been invaded and occupied by a gunman who, after four years

of trespass, announces that he will withdraw in his own time if the owner will sign an agreement giving him the use of the two lower floors and all the most valuable furniture.

PROBABLY the Japanese Government is not greatly concerned whether its terms are accepted or rejected by the representatives of the lawful owners and inhabitants. But we recall that at the Washington conference, when the Japanese representatives gave a doubtful and undated pledge to get out of Siberia "in principle," this was hailed as a great victory for international morality and all that sort of thing, and a blare of editorial trumpets signalled another diplomatic triumph of Mr. Hughes. The specific Japanese terms now put the quietus on such flubdubbery. At the time the Japanese pledge was made, beyond doubt Mr. Hughes, Mr. Balfour and their associates knew that it was sheer mockery, but inasmuch as their own Governments were all perpetrating similar aggressions in other parts of the world, they could do nothing but acquiesce in the farce and cynically palm it off on their peoples. Assuredly no statesman with a Haiti, a Santo Domingo or a Nicaragua on his conscience, was qualified to cast the first stone.

AN interesting specimen of journalistic practice came before us one day last week. On the second page of the New York *Globe* were two special dispatches relating to conditions in Russia. One, at the head of the second column, was dated at Moscow; it said that if the weather is favourable, Russia will raise enough grain for her own use this season, and that transportation has greatly improved. The other in the fourth column, was dated at Washington; it said that two-thirds of the Russian transportation-system has gone out of commission. "No trains are running, the equipment is rapidly deteriorating, and the rails are rusting from disuse. Only the main lines are being kept open." The first dispatch gave a moderately encouraging view of Russian affairs in general. The second, which was constructed "according to authoritative advice received by Administration officials," was bluer than indigo. The perusal of both leaves one idly wondering whether these "Administration officials" are tarred with Mr. Hughes's stick or Mr. Hoover's, and whether the modern facilities for the distribution of news are particularly valuable, considering the uses to which they are put.

WE wonder if Secretary Hoover will mind our referring once more to an enterprise in which he has a proprietary interest—the Hungarian counter-revolution. Ever since the time when Mr. Hoover's lieutenant, Captain Gregory, helped to drive the Bolsheviks out of Budapest, the reactionary party has been in power in Hungary, and the indications are that this group will not be shown the way out for some time to come. The state of affairs in the Magyar domain is indicated clearly enough by the character of the regulations which governed the recent balloting for members of a Constituent Assembly. In anticipation of this election, the Parliament was dissolved in February, and the electoral law was thereafter so amended by executive decree as to deny the franchise to all persons who have been guilty of rebellion or incitement to rebellion, or have been sentenced to imprisonment under a law enacted in 1921, for the protection of the existing social order. Further than this, the decree disqualifies for election any teacher, priest or other official who has been dismissed from his position by the authorities, on the ground of unpatriotic conduct, and finally it is prescribed that arrest pending an investigation of charges automatically removes a candidate from the political field. Under the new decree, the number of voters has been reduced by nearly one-third, and it is reported that in the course of the campaign a score of Opposition candidates were arrested, and thereby put out of action. The whole affair is a travesty on political democracy, which is itself at best a travesty; and not the least ironic

element in the situation is the part played by administrators of American charity.

In a recent issue of our vigorous contemporary, *Le Progrès Civique* of Paris, a contributor calls attention to the fact that an official commission has been assigned the task of computing the expenses incurred by the French Government, in its support of General Wrangel. Further than this, the commission is "to study the means for assuring the regularization of these expenses," and the Government promises that upon the termination of these labours, the Parliament will be furnished with such explanations as may appear desirable. In this promise of an accounting, the contributor to *Le Progrès* finds small consolation. He is glad to have the Government admit, as it has done by implication, that the subsidizing of the White army was a somewhat irregular procedure; but he says sadly that when the accounts are all made up, it is not the President and his Cabinet, but the taxpayers who will have to foot the bill. This is true of course, and yet it seems to us that our Parisian friend is not sufficiently appreciative of the action of his Government. An accounting is not much of a concession, and the breakable promise of an accounting is worth even less; and yet the American people have been unable to extract even such a promise from the Democratic Government which financed the operations of M. Bakhmetiev, or from the Republican Government which covers the tracks of the Democrats, whenever the trail is really worth following.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, we have come into possession of a story which is really too good to keep. The hero of the tale is a certain Mr. Stevens; we have forgotten his first name but no doubt our readers will recognize him as the representative at Peking of the American banking-group in the new International Chinese Consortium. Following the fashion set by Mr. Thomas F. Lamont, Mr. Stevens was engaged one day in entertaining a group of acquaintances in Peking with an account of all the great things that the consortium would do for China. Among those present was a reporter, properly characterized as blunt and British. At the close of the sermon, he said to Mr. Stevens that he supposed the bankers expected, after all, to collect interest on their money; and to this remark Mr. Stevens replied, "By God, sir, I've never been so insulted in my life," and immediately thereafter departed in a fury of righteous anger. We hesitate to add so much as a word to this excellent anecdote, but we can not forget the history of Santo Domingo, and we should like to ask Mr. Stevens how the consortium-bankers would insure themselves against the loss of both principal and interest, if their proposals were once accepted by the Government of China, and that Government continued to be as much threatened by military factions as it is at present. Would Mr. Stevens say, "Send the Marines"; or would his reply be as humorous and as much beside the point as the one that our correspondent has quoted?

PRESIDENT HARDING says that as between Americans and Filipinos, the only difference of opinion is that which relates to the time appropriate for the granting of Philippine independence; which sounds very sweet and lovely, until one reflects that the same sort of thing can be said, with equal propriety, by a turnkey of his prisoner.

*The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.*  
*It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.*

*Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and George Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by the Freeman Corporation, B. W. Huebsch, Gen'l Mgr., 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurtle, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. II. Copyright, 1922 by The Freeman Corporation, 5 July, 1922. Vol. V. No. 121. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A GREAT DISCOVERY.

ONCE more, after the lapse of years, the urbane and accomplished president of Columbia University has read Senator La Follette out of the Republican party, if not entirely out of that great cultural association known as the United States of North America. His right to do this may be questioned by some, but on such a delicate point we hesitate to speak with assurance. We prefer to remark that the Republican party is a strange association, a true omnium gatherum. Within its ample fold it embraces characters as diverse as Warren G. Harding, Senator France, Hon. Jim Watson, Hon. George Wharton Pepper, Bishop Manning, William Barnes, Senator Lusk, and Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, to say nothing of Dr. Butler and Senator La Follette. Surely none will dispute the catholicity of this great party; surely all will agree that, in the language of Brother Beveridge, "it is founded on principles as eternal as the courses of the stars." Heaven forbid that we should venture to question the canons of this brotherhood! We suspect that Dr. Butler himself, in expansive moments, may indulge an inscrutable smile as he reflects upon the vagaries of his strange bedfellows; still it is not for barbarians to intervene in the quarrels of Greeks.

The reasons adduced by Dr. Butler for expelling Senator La Follette from his society of optimates are, however, not esoteric and closed to outsiders. He alleges that the Senator is wrong in his history, and does not understand the government of our beloved country. He says that our forefathers fought to establish a political system which would vest sovereignty in the people and grant limited powers to a government divided into three parts: legislative, executive, and judicial. He then adds that "the judicial branch of the government represents the people's fundamental principles, their controlling ideas, and their continuing purposes." We are delighted to have this elucidation of a great mystery. In all the years of our peregrinations on this terrestrial sphere we have read some two or three hundred books written by historians, academic and amateur, about the American Revolution, and we confess that some confusion had arisen in our minds from these perusals. Good old John Adams tells us that one-third of "the people" were for the Revolution, one-third against it, and one-third indifferent to it. Perhaps he bore down heavily on the patriotist side, but at all events there seems to have been some uncertainty about the purposes of the nation's founders. From our reading of these histories, it also is ingrained in our minds that the fifty-odd gentlemen who bore the ark of our covenant at Philadelphia in 1787, had, very few of them, ever fought for anything. A soldier, General Washington, presided indeed, but he had little or nothing to say about the Constitution. A considerable number of these founding fathers, according to the records, seem to have been in the class of the Custodian of Alien Property. When the results of their labours were laid before "the people," the people seem to have been strangely indifferent. Three-fourths of the voters, not counting slaves, women, and indentured servants, did not care enough about the business to vote either for or against the Constitution! The one-fourth who did vote were shockingly divided, and if it had not been for rather shady tricks and some strong-arm business, the founding fathers would hardly have got their dose down the throats of the sovereign people. What they intended the judicial department to be and

to do seems shrouded in mystery; at least the facts run that way, although according to Dr. Butler's masterly elucidation, everything is clear as a bell, or as a star on a cold night.

Dr. Butler thinks that the judiciary represents the "fundamental principles of the people." If the people have any fundamental principles that, strictly speaking, can be represented by a judiciary, we have not yet been able to discover them; but we are pleased to have Dr. Butler's word for it. Still, we have a few misgivings. If the judiciary, in its wisdom, really does represent the principles of the people, then how has it happened to miss fire in so many conspicuous instances? Dr. Butler will recall with us the Dred Scott case. To this day we read with aching heart the violent language used by the Republicans of 1860 on this point and with reference to the Supreme Court. Does it not seem that Taney, C. J., and his brethren slipped up pretty badly in their representation of the people's fundamental principles? Then there were the legal-tender cases. We remember with anguish and confusion of face that a Republican President had to select "correct" Republican judges in order to get that august tribunal to reverse itself! Now if the Supreme Court was right in either one of its guesses on the people's fundamental principles it was wrong in the other, for the two guesses were diametrically opposite. Can anyone be infallible when he says one day that white is black, and the next day that white is white? Then there was the income-tax case. Either the Court did not know the fundamental purposes of the people, or the people did not know them; because once the Court was for an income tax, and then it was against it, and thereupon the people amended the Constitution. We dare say that Dr. Butler may be right, and that the Court in declaring an income tax unconstitutional knew "the continuing purposes of the people" better than the people knew them. When the people put Mr. Taft third on the list for the Presidency in 1912, they did not know their own minds and fundamental principles; but Mr. Taft on the Supreme Bench can—nay, must somehow automatically—find them out. The one-and-a-half delegates that Dr. Butler gathered in during his whirlwind campaign for the Presidency in 1920 (the vote of New York State being complimentary) spoke for the "people's fundamental principles, their controlling ideas, and their continuing purposes," but the Republican convention was curiously slow to discern these things. Well, then, should we not all pull together for the elevation of Dr. Butler to the Supreme Bench?

### DEBTS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Of late years a number of American statesmen and near-statesmen have put forth the dictum from time to time that it would be an unprecedented enormity for a Government to repudiate its foreign indebtedness. These statements have been made with particular emphasis before committees of Congress that have investigated, not too searchingly, matters growing out of our present peculiar relations to Russia. Like most of the dicta of politicians, they are not strictly accurate. Repudiation has not been an uncommon proceeding, and many a Government is alive and kicking to-day whose frustrated creditors have long since either charged off their bonded investments to profit and loss, or compromised on refunding-operations which netted them a fraction of the principal. Most of these defaulting Governments are apparently on excellent terms with that model of fiscal probity, Secretary Hughes, who would not even deign to speak

with the representative of a Russian Government which has forsaken the Tsar, and, in principle at least, all his debts. Moreover, during the past few decades, one out of every four of the sovereign States of this Union which Mr. Hughes so appropriately represents in their foreign relations, has indulged in the doubtful business of repudiation, and got away with it.

Back in 1870, the council of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, a British organization, compiled a list of a score of Governments whose foreign indebtedness, in part or in whole, was in default. The aggregate amount was close to \$200 million, a great sum in those days, and of course did not include domestic indebtedness in default, in which the corporation had no interest. The list included three of our States, which were in default for upwards of \$10 million. A few years later the same organization compiled a list of governmental loans of various kinds that had been defaulted or partly defaulted in the past half century. The total, with interest omitted, ran to about a billion dollars.

Greece defaulted on the interest of its 1824-25 loans for upwards of half a century. In 1878 this indebtedness, with interest, had reached about \$50 million. The Government then effected a compromise with its creditors by redeeming the old bonds with a new issue at thirty cents on the dollar. Yet the diplomatic representative of Greece is received at Washington, and during the recent war the American Government amiably loaned the Greek Government about \$50 million.

Spain is another country with which we enjoy diplomatic relations, which has twice been insolvent since King Philip V began rolling up the national debt by borrowing \$40 million to lay out gardens for his enjoyment, in imitation of those at Versailles. After the revolution of 1868-76 its creditors went scratching, and again after the Spanish-American war. In 1882, a Spanish Government scaled down the national debt from nearly two billion dollars to a little over one billion, but that had nothing to do with our opening hostilities against the defaulter sixteen years later, though perhaps in view of Mr. Hughes's attitude, it should.

In 1881, Rumania wiped off the slate all except twenty-one per cent of the value of certain outstanding certificates. Yet we loaned the Rumanian Government \$25 million during the war, an investment of negligible value as measured in military results. Earlier in the century, Portugal converted a debt of \$50 million into one of \$32,500,000. Turkey has been a consistent defaulter, and British bankers appeared to encourage Turkish insolvency for a long period, through a series of larger and larger "refunding" loans, at progressively higher interest; or to be exact, at a rate of interest that remained nominal while Turkey received less and less of the principal until she was getting considerably under half the par value.

Among our South American neighbours, defaulting on foreign obligations has not been sufficiently uncommon to merit special attention. As for our major associates in the late unpleasantness, neither England nor France is above reproach. Charles II closed the British exchequer and defrauded the State's creditors of £2,800,000, though subsequently somewhat less than one-fourth of this was paid. Revolutionary France issued some forty-five billion francs in assignats, pledging the "public faith" in their redemption. In time these sank to one-half of one per cent of their original value, and though some of them were redeemed with

"mandats" at the rate of thirty-eight for one, the value of the "mandats" likewise faded. This is a species of progressive repudiation which might well merit the attention of M. Poincaré; and while he is about it, he might get some precedents on defaulting by looking into the history of the \$50 million French loan of 1870.

Our own continental money, issues of which were estimated by Hamilton at a third of a billion dollars, fell to one one-thousandth of the original rating, and, after constant talk of redemption, was permitted to drop out of use and value altogether. Of course, in later years, the paper currency of the Southern Confederacy similarly became reduced, with greater excuse, to mere scraps of paper; and the "national debt" of the Confederacy, estimated as high as a billion dollars, became properly chargeable to profit and loss, including the \$15 million in bonds arranged with our friends the British bankers in 1863. Though the Confederate Government lived to a ripe old age as compared with the transitory regime represented by M. Bakhmetiev, as far as we know Mr. Hughes has made no move for the recognition of this solemn public obligation on the part of the Government that succeeded to the one headed by Jefferson Davis in the Southern States.

The founding fathers who are held in such high regard by the Harding Administration went in for repudiation on a broader scale than merely serving up their currency *à la Russe*. Massachusetts as early as 1747 redeemed a public debt of £2,200,000 by paying half the sum, in silver. Early in the century, Mississippi and Louisiana disowned certain public debts. Rhode Island flatly refused to pay Revolutionary obligations. Pennsylvania and Maryland failed to pay interest on their debts. Soon after the Revolution, Virginia "redeemed" the State issues of paper money by funding them at the rate of 1000 for one.

Coming up towards the middle of the century, we find Mississippi in 1842 repudiating a bond-issue of \$5,000,000 issued for the State bank in 1838. In 1837 the Government of Michigan authorized an issue of \$5,000,000 in bonds. Of this about \$3,000,000 was by agreement guaranteed by the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, but that institution failed before any considerable sum was paid into the State Treasury. The State arranged redemption only on the basis of what had been paid in, though the bonds had been purchased at full value by European holders.

The people of Minnesota in 1860 voted a special amendment to the State Constitution repudiating \$2,275,000 in State bonds issued to underwrite a private railway-project which had not materialized. After several attempts to rescind popular repudiation had failed, the State Supreme Court declared the amendment unconstitutional; but it was not until 1881 that the creditors got any consideration, and then they had to be content with a new bond-issue at fifty cents on the dollar.

Louisiana in 1874 had a State debt of \$42 million. The Governor recommended the repudiation of about half of this and the refunding of the residue to \$12 million. This eventually was done, but even on the reduced total, the interest was repudiated for a period of years and finally was arbitrarily reduced. Likewise, in the late 'seventies, North Carolina scratched off the State debt to the tune of nearly \$13 million, to which must be added several million dollars in arrears of interest. South Carolina about the same time refunded the State debt at fifty cents on the dollar, incidentally

repudiating several millions outright. Georgia cancelled \$600,000 in State railway-bonds in 1869 and indulged in other repudiations during the next decade. Alabama took French leave of responsibility for some \$15 million in State bonds and endorsements. Florida turned its back on two State bond-issues, one of \$3,900,000 held largely abroad. Among the other State Governments that engaged in similar financial peccadilloes were Arkansas, Tennessee and Virginia.

Thus there is a long catalogue of American cancellations, involving many millions in obligations held in foreign hands. If Mr. Hughes is aware of it, we can not see how he can consistently continue to serve these renegeing States and their populations in his present capacity. Whenever he writes a pious note about Russia, one would think that the ghosts of all these dead American obligations, slain by due process of law, would rise up to mock him. To us it appears that under the circumstances there is a choice of two possible courses for Mr. Hughes to pursue in order to retain his self-respect. One is to get his Government to refuse to associate with any of these erring States until they have made full restitution with interest to date. This could easily be effected by having the Harding Administration decline to accept Federal taxes from the citizens of these States until they have recognized all the fiscal proprieties. The second course is for Mr. Hughes to resign. We do not know which of these courses would more effectively rebuke the inhabitants of the dozen or more States concerned. The relative disadvantage of not being permitted to pay one's income-tax or of not being honoured with the official ministrations of Mr. Hughes involves delicate comparisons which we do not pretend to be competent to make.

#### THERE ARISETH A LITTLE CLOUD.

If the flurry occasioned in Washington by the strictures of foreign ambassadors upon pending legislation was worked up with the hope of raising a patriotic breeze favourable to the becalmed tariff-bill it does not seem to have been very successful. Even the emotion of patriotism is a trifle jaded after the recent strain it has undergone, and is therefore not likely to be as useful as it was in the Canadian election of 1911, when reciprocity was dished under somewhat similar circumstances. We do not mean to encourage a hope that the present compendium of governmental folly will be abandoned, but we doubt that its sponsors in the Senate will be able to make much capital out of the obviously just criticisms to which it is being subjected, no matter from what quarter they arise.

However indiscreet it may have been of Sir Auckland Geddes and Signor Ricci to ignore an ancient taboo, they deserve one's gratitude for showing up the dangers lurking in this meanest form of unfair competition. The politicians are revealed playing the old game of beggar-my-neighbour with greater recklessness than ever, and with no conspicuous regard for the ties that were supposed to have been formed in the trenches. Indeed, there is scarcely any attempt longer to veil the sordid nature of political preoccupations, as the Governments make desperate and futile efforts to scramble out of the pit into which the war has cast them, by trampling over each other.

The truculent manner in which the world is now informed that trade-obstruction and shipping-monopoly are strictly domestic issues, recalls the attitude of the South when the moral implications of slavery

were being aired, and the tragic consequences of that attempt to interfere with human rights. No one denies that Governments are at liberty to meddle with international trade to their heart's content. It is the wisdom of such a course that is open to doubt. Recovery from the world-wide industrial collapse can be brought about only by the patient building up of innumerable points of contact between the individuals scattered over the earth who are eager to supply one another's wants. It is needless to characterize a policy which makes a point of threatening every attempt to renew these connexions and resume the interrupted relationships of civilized life.

This paper is glad to note for the encouragement of its readers any evidences it may find of an awakening of the public mind, at home or abroad, to the frauds commonly perpetrated by their political managers. It therefore welcomes assurances from Vienna that the banking and industrial interests in Eastern Europe are drawing together in opposition to restraints of trade by the politicians. Even in the new States the lesson of idle factories and unemployment seems to be modifying the extreme tendencies of nationalism, and preparing the way for economic alliances and greater freedom of intercourse between peoples. A canvass of editorial opinion in Switzerland shows that the connexion between high living-costs and governmental interference with business enterprise is becoming more and more a subject of discussion and criticism, though the bogey of cheap foreign goods is still feared and the profits of favoured industries are confused with national welfare.

The cost of protection is not confined to higher prices and a loss in trade (although a shrinkage of \$580 million in the total trade between Canada and the United States during the last twelve months is an indication of what that may come to); before a total reckoning can be made, the value of the international good-will which is incidentally sacrificed, must be considered. Canada is the nearest case in point. Not only has the threat of the Fordney-McCumber tariff stiffened a new and more liberal Government against making advances towards a freer interchange of commodities, but it has created a spirit of unfriendliness towards establishments in Canada owned by business interests on this side of the border, and a determination to retaliate by laws establishing British preference. These are some of the consequences of treating as domestic issues the matters that most intimately concern the lives and destinies of men and women the world over.

In view of the rising tide of discontent, it is small wonder that the tariff-bill drags wearily in the Senate, where the dullest member must realize that the time is not well chosen for adding to the dearness of commodities and arousing enmity wherever interference with the currents of trade is felt. Even the daily press, which has been the standby of the "home market," is growing contemptuous in its comments on the sordid farce which is being played to empty benches in Washington. It was entirely fitting that debate on the tariff should be interrupted in order to strengthen the armed forces of the nation, for, as Mexico has learned, it is dangerous to regard taxation as a purely domestic question unless that attitude can be backed with the requisite number of guns. The French Chamber, not to be outdone by Mr. Harding's business Administration, has voted a credit of 775 million francs, chiefly for commerce-destroyers. In fact, commerce appears to have taken the place of the Hun as an object of wrath, and all the Governments seem bent on

its destruction, with our own Secretary for the Prevention of Commerce leading the van. Not satisfied with the depressing effect of tariffs and embargoes, Mr. Hoover seems determined to check, as far as possible, attempts to reopen trade-relations with Russia. His repeated warning that the Russian larder is empty, with the inference that it may be left in that condition until the present Government is removed from power, is not only deficient in humanity, but it shows that Mr. Hoover has given scant consideration to the argument of M. Chicherin that in helping Russia to restore her transport-system, in supplying seeds, fertilizers, engines, machinery and tools, and in providing technical assistance, there might be enough profit to satisfy those who would be willing to engage in such undertakings if obstacles were not put in their way by officials with political ends to serve.

Some of our readers may remember that shortly after the war ended, the favourite watchwords were "work" and "produce." But as soon as an attempt was made to follow this excellent advice the heavy hand of Government blocked the way. The blockade is still in force, but the victims are beginning to murmur, and, as far as it goes, that is a good sign.

### THE INCONSTANT VISITOR.

IT is very certain that commuters and such people as during the summer visit the country at weekly intervals, have some advantage over those others who are fortunate enough to live in it all the time. With their nerves highly strung by the jarring din and banal occupations of great cities, they are in a position to catch with exquisite sensitiveness the most delicate manifestations of those cool spaces of the earth to which it is necessary for each one of us to return if we are to possess our souls amid the cloying confusions and petty distractions of our everyday life.

People who pass all their days in the country often appear to take for granted the changing procession of the seasons. The scent of the grass upon their lawns, the scent of the earth-mould of their flower garden, the scent of the forest trees after rain, are received by them with no emotion of sweet surprise. How differently some spent, overtired drudge, freed from arid hours amid the clatter of modern business, drinks in such restorative odours! How he relaxes and bathes his very soul deeper and deeper in that mysterious life-giving essence from which each one of us, clerk and clown alike, derives his being.

The first faint indications of the return of spring come uncertainly, intermittently, through the open office-window; indications, evasive and indefinable, but full of a strange promise. One betakes oneself at last to the country. All is as it was. The great oaks and hickory trees are as gaunt and bare as they have been all the winter; and then suddenly, as one walks through some denuded wood, one finds that the miracle has already happened, for there one sees at one's very feet, thrusting their way up into careless life, through inert snow-sodden leaves, handfuls of frail white star-flowers! "What divine alchemy has done this?" cry the startled senses, as, in amazement, one stands looking down upon their uncompromising and uncouth bed, still to all appearance lifeless from the grip of arctic winds. The miracle has happened.

From now on, every succeeding week offers new revelations. The first dandelions, the first jack-in-the-pulpits appear, and the dogwood breaks into blossom, decorating the forest with round-leaved levels of white,

like suspended summer clouds. The dogwood is followed by the apple blossom, the smell of which is charged with the promise of heavy cider-harvests, when drowsy wasps, satiated with the sweetness of fruit, will be about everywhere in the long, leaning grass. The apple blossom in its turn gives place to the aromatic flowers of the locust and syringa, which in the damp, white, enervating indolence of their smell, seem to be ever emphasizing the grateful antinomian assurance that work of any kind in summertime is the greatest folly! The roses in their quiet, unassuming way reiterate the same open secret; each velvet petal gravely whispers into mortal ears the utter futility of effort while the sun rides high over one's head.

An inconstant visitor to the country reacquires the knack of seeing the everlasting magic of nature. The heavy scales of use and custom fall from his eyes; and as he stands watching a butterfly, itself looking as if its wings were coloured petals, sucking delicate sustenance from the fine trumpet lip of a gold-dusted honeysuckle, he becomes all at once aware that he is the witness of an incident in the manifold processes of nature, surpassing, in delicate and subtle beauty, all that human art could contrive.

But this is not all. On every side now he is privileged to take a part in the most lovely occupations, or to view with infinite satisfaction the quaintest natural events in their happy progress. Before breakfast, in the radiance of the early morning, when everywhere the birds are calling to each other in unreserved gladness that the sun has once again risen over the earth, he may go to gather water-cress at the brook, breaking the succulent green stalks with his hands far down below the water. He may watch the hard-shelled tortoise protrude its wise slow head to nibble with infinite relish at a wild strawberry. He may observe the feckless woodpecker, in a mood of fine mockery, busying himself upon the bark of a tree. He may scrutinize the coloured crisp gauze of a dragon fly's wings shimmering upon a warm stone, in a veritable ecstasy of sun-life, or take note of the more slow, less conscious pleasure of fat, rotund tadpoles lying squat, one behind the other, under the brown water of some secluded pond—for all the world like miniatures of the great hippopotami that lounge at ease on the lukewarm bottoms of remote African lakes—while every morning and evening their progenitors, male and female, proclaim to the surrounding rushes the inestimable privilege of merely being above ground on a sun-drenched, moon-lit planet.

But the most wonderful of all nature's miracles is yet to come. Suddenly, one evening, when he looks out into the garden, hushed amid the expectant stillness of listening flowers, he finds the very atmosphere alive with flickering, dancing light. The fire-flies have come! One can not help sometimes thinking how the imagination of William Shakespeare would have been thrilled by the mystery of these delicate luminous insects if he had suddenly come upon them, some August night, astir in the damp phlox-grown gardens of his Warwickshire village. We know how delectable to his homely fancy were the glow-worms, shining out from the tangled hedgerow grass, as he came upon them unexpectedly by the side of the dusty English highways. Indeed, to the adventurers of those old days the appearance of these fairy creatures of the new world must have been astounding. To come to a fresh country where the very gnats moved about bearing infinitesimal tapers, must have given to them a new and certain assurance of that mysterious power whose wonderful craft, infinite and beyond human conception, was at work throughout all creation.

As the summer advances, the visible display of these dancing winged creatures gives place in its turn to a ceaseless clamour. From innumerable obscure throats, crickets, cicale, and katydids cry out at the top of their tiny voices that the summer has reached its full consummation. The leaves are taking to themselves new colours now, while near the porch small round purple grapes are beginning to wither on their twisted branches, and the early hours of the day have in their atmosphere a suggestion of returning winter. The inconstant visitor comes less and less often to the country, until for months together he never escapes the thoughtless glare of city lights, unmindful perhaps of those neighbours whom he left behind to their happy destiny of passing long meditative hours by crackling hearths and Franklin stoves, while out of doors the old earth once more resumes its mantle of ice and snow.

### THE DOUBLE PATRIOT.

(Translated by Helen Woljeska.)

THEOPHILUS BANNERMANN was born the son of a frontier guard in a tiny guardhouse on the boundary between the Red and the Black kingdoms. Immediately in front of his little home stood the tollgate, painted red on one side, black on the other.

A dispute about the exact frontier-line having broken out between the rival kingdoms, each appointed a commission to investigate the questionable region. The two companies, made up of surveyors, legal advisors, politicians and high officials, set out together and, after a short promenade, made the sensational discovery that the line had indeed been drawn incorrectly. Not only had twenty-one and a half tree trunks wrongly been assigned to the Red kingdom, no, the Red guardhouse itself stood, with its whole left side, on Black ground! Excited by the far-reaching historical significance of this discovery, the commission unceremoniously invaded the guard's little home the very moment Theophilus was being born. The mother's last cry of anguish, the child's first cry of protest, greeted the amazed intruders.

The Black country's head-surveyor was the first to recover from the general consternation. "The boundary-line goes right through the child!" he cried.

At once tripods were put up, and every member of the commission took his turn in looking through one of the apparatus. To their astonishment it was found that the surmise of the keen-eyed surveyor had been absolutely correct.

Thereupon the Black Minister of Justice ceremoniously stepped forward. He was a great lawyer, much feared for his unusual cunning, with ambitions bent towards the decoration of the Yellow Dragon.

"This child belongs to us!" he announced with crafty mien.

The Red commissioners laughed derisively.

"Your excellency is mistaken," they replied. "The child's father is a Red subject, therefore the child is a Red subject too, no matter where it was born."

But the Minister of Justice would not yield. "The father," he explained, "was born in this same bed which stands partly on our land. He is a Red subject owing to a mistake. This is clearly a case of *judicium finum regundorum*, and in such cases it is customary to divide the disputed matter between the two contestants. Very well. You may keep the father. We take the child."

A general uproar followed these words. The Black commission cheered. The Red commission protested. (It was fearfully thinking of next fall's elections.)

After endless contradictions, deliberations and discussions the commissioners finally agreed to refer this important and complicated case to their respective Governments.

Years passed.

The quarrel about the nationality of Theophilus Banner-

marn still raged. Special commissions met, the matter was placed before an international arbitration-board, the colours of the rainbow no longer sufficed to provide the diplomatic *elaborata* with suitable covers. More than once the child came near becoming a *casus belli*.

Fortunately little Theophilus himself had no idea of his importance. He developed into a merry, healthy boy, whose best playfellow was the tollgate before his father's little home. At the age of six he was already able to execute faultless vaults over the lowered barrier, or to shinny up its whole height when it was raised. And nothing was further from his innocent mind than the thought that a sinister, symbolic meaning might be attached to the two colours which so jollily adorned it.

But already Fate was ready to snatch him.

One day two messengers arrived at the little guardhouse and sternly announced to Bannermann senior that the two Governments had concluded to leave the matter of his son's nationality undecided for the time being. He was ordered to send the child to school in both countries—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on the Red side, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays on the Black. This was to continue throughout grammar and high school and eventually college. At the age of twenty-one Theophilus was to decide the question for himself and choose his country according to his innermost convictions.

(Needless to say, each side was practically certain that, after a thorough course in school, enlarging on the glorious history of their country and the obvious inferiority of the neighbour's, the child could not help but choose to become one of theirs; and already each gloated over the rival's inevitable humiliation.)

Little Theophilus remained blissfully unconscious of all this. Obediently he trotted to school, one day on this side of his beloved tollgate, the next day on the other; and everything went well, until the letter "i" was reached.

It was one of the sacred customs of the Black kingdom to pronounce the "i" like "ee." Any number of jokes and doggerels circulated through the nation making sport of the barbaric and ludicrous pronunciation of the Reds. The matter had gone so far that in Black hotels and restaurants guests pronouncing words in the foreign way were served with scant courtesy, if at all; and the shopkeepers sold to them only at a considerably increased price.

Into the woodland seclusion of the little guardhouse, however, this war of words had not penetrated. unsuspecting, Theophilus therefore accepted the version taught him in the Red school as generally valid, and the next day in the Black school cheerfully recognized the "i" as an "i."

The Black teacher nearly swooned.

On the very wall before him hung a life-size oil painting of the Black Minister of Education, his highest superior, who laid especial stress on the patriotic education of the country's youth! What would he say if such heresy should reach his ears? Urged by his admiration for the great man, as well as the desire to prove his own unswerving loyalty, the teacher grasped his pliant cane and gave little Theophilus a murderous thrashing. This duty performed, he emptied the floods of his eloquence over the sobbing traitor, using all the patriotic slogans his excellency had personally devised and recommended at the last annual convention of pedagogues.

Theophilus took the discourse to heart as well as the blows, with the result that the very next day—as every one of my keen-witted readers will have foreseen—he was thrashed just as mercilessly in the Red school, and then regaled with just such a discourse in favour of the opposite pronunciation.

This painful experience rudely destroyed little Theophilus's beautiful *naïveté*. He now realized that the two-coloured barrier in front of his home was a solemn symbol, dividing the world into two parts: here ended the penalties for saying "i"; here began the penalties for saying "ee." Being a level-headed child, he never failed in the future to make clear to himself which of the two

would be taboo that day; and he remained unmolested for a long time.

In high school, however, new difficulties began.

During the study of sciences he noticed that occasionally the opinions of the Red and Black professors were strangely at variance as to the birthplace of some famous savant, the priority of some important invention.

The study of literature brought still graver dangers. The enthusiasm which filled him Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays for the poets of the Red country had to be carefully decreased to a mere condescending acknowledgment on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The "Prince of Poets" who, according to the Black professor, "had illumined the whole globe with the light of his genius," was, in Red opinion, simply a "gifted man, some of whose work was not unworthy of mention." But young Theophilus, remembering a memorable experience of his childhood, besides being an enthusiastic admirer of both sides, easily adapted himself to this kind of double book-keeping. Only the intricate complications of a two-sided study of history proved too much for him. And it was here that tragedy overtook him a second time.

One Monday he sat in class, with glowing cheeks and brilliant eyes, listening to the Red professor's impassioned denunciation of Urban the First, surnamed the Bloodhound. Revolting were the atrocities committed by this most cruel of tyrants:

From 1729 until 1791 Urban held the sceptre in hands dripping with the blood of innocents. His dominions extended over the Red and Black countries and twenty-one other kingdoms which he and his bestial soldiery had treacherously attacked, plundered and subdued. At every crossing of highways this Antichrist raised gallows, on which the best and noblest men had to give up their lives. Weeping widows and infants everywhere called down the curse of God upon the hated oppressor's guilty head!

Theophilus's ardent young heart, for ever overstimulated by two-fold appeals of intensive patriotism, flamed up in passionate indignation and grief. He could scarcely contain himself while the professor recounted the tragic fate of those Red heroes who had sworn to free the world from the Bloodhound. Unnoticed, they had succeeded in entering the palace, had bribed the guards, had reached the very door behind which the monster lay asleep—when a damnable scoundrel gave the alarm! Audible sobs arose from the class during the account of the heroes' execution. Even the professor's voice broke when he related how they met their horrible fate with brave smiles, how in the very jaws of death they cried: "Long live our Country! Long live Liberty!"

Who can describe Theophilus's joyful excitement when, the very next day, the history professor of the Black high school began his lecture with these words:

"The lesson we reach to-day need scarcely be told, for I think there is not one among you who does not know what king sat on the throne of our beloved country from 1729 until 1791."

Frantically all hands flew up.

"Bannermann—you may tell us."

Eagerly Theophilus rose to his feet, and with resounding voice he announced:

"From 1729 until 1791 there ruled over the Black and Red countries as well as over twenty-one other kingdoms the terrible tyrant, Urban the Bloodhound . . ."

A deafening roar of rage interrupted him. The boys jumped from their seats, threw themselves upon Theophilus, dragged him to the floor, beat him, knocked him, kicked him, until at last, dishevelled and bleeding, he sought refuge at the professor's knees. But even the professor knew no mercy, but pushed him away with his feet, as though he were a loathsome, contaminating thing.

It took a long time before the general indignation had calmed down enough for the professor to resume his lecture; and then Theophilus was staggered to learn that Urban "the Great" was the object of an almost godlike veneration in the Black kingdom. For under Urban the sun never set on the land of the Black citizens! The fame of the Black army filled the whole world! Urban the

Great was noble and good! Stern to his enemies, it is true—but, oh, how generous towards his loyal subjects.

Young Theophilus's susceptible heart could not long withstand that sort of thing. The sinister picture of Urban the Bloodhound faded from his mind! Urban the Great stood majestically before him. And when, towards the end of the lesson, the professor mentioned the cowardly assassins who had tried to murder the great king in his sleep, he felt his heart burn with holy ire. The description of the traitors' execution loosened a storm of applause. Unanimously the class decided to place a wreath upon the monument of the faithful valet who had frustrated the dastardly deed.

Theophilus Bannermann gladly added his little savings to the fund for the floral piece. During the service before the monument he joined as whole-heartedly as any in the singing of the national anthem. But the insult he had offered a whole nation was not easily forgiven.

Among the people who persecuted him with their ill will a certain clergyman was conspicuous (the Church had not forgotten Urban's many pious donations). This man started inquiries about the young traitor's private life and family and soon had the satisfaction of surprising the assembled school board with the startling news that Theophilus had no right to use his father's name—that he was an illegitimate child!

The matter stood like this: In the Red kingdom civil marriage had long been considered legal, while the Black citizens, thanks to their clergy, had been spared the dis-honour of such an ungodly institution. Theophilus's father, being a Red citizen, had contented himself with the civil ceremony; not so much as a matter of principle, as from an inborn antipathy for unnecessary expenses. According to Black standards, therefore, Theophilus's parents had never been married at all.

The affronted school board at once issued strict orders to Theophilus, never again to usurp the name of Bannermann within Black boundaries, but in the future to be known by his mother's maiden name, Strobel.

In addition to his two countries, Theophilus now was burdened with two cognomens. However, this little addition to his impediments would not have bothered the agile youth, had it not been for all kinds of unpleasantnesses connected with it.

While on one side of the red and black barrier he continued to be greeted and treated as an honest, pleasant youth, on the other he met but sour faces, forbidding mien, scarcely veiled enmity; and even the smallest, dirtiest of street-urchins considered himself authorized to address him with all kinds of choice pet names, like bastard and whoreson.

One would imagine that this unjust treatment must turn the young man's heart (and, what may be more important, his military support), from the Black to the Red country. But his whole nature had been so heavily upholstered with patriotic enthusiasms that he no longer was capable of any subjective impulses. The intensely nationalistic educations he had received had reached their consummate end: names and aims of heroes and villains no longer made the slightest difference to him; the patriotic ideals, emotions, theories with which his head had been crammed, alone counted; and since these abounded on both sides it was easy to adjust himself sincerely, one day to the Red, the next to the Black nomenclature. One country was as dear to him as the other, and he loved both passionately. With positive dread did he look forward to the day when the final decision must be made, when he must renounce one of his beloved countries for ever. Alas, he knew it only too well—whichever way he chose, three days of unhappiness every week must henceforth be his.

Events, however, did not wait for his twenty-first birthday, but forced the decision suddenly upon him. The age-old rivalry between the two countries once again flamed up in open hostility. War was declared.

Coming home in the evening, Theophilus found two cards upon his table, ordering him to report in the morning at the nearest military post of the Red and Black countries respectively.

It happened to be a Friday. So Theophilus did not hesitate. His allegiance belonged to the Red! Contemptuously he threw the Black card to the floor, seized his father's old sabre, and, with vicious vehemence, struck at an imaginary foe.

The evening passed in elation. Not one moment did Theophilus doubt that utter defeat awaited the Black hordes.

At ten he retired into his room.

At eleven his mother heard him restlessly pacing the floor.

Shortly before midnight there were sighs and sobs. . . .

At the stroke of twelve he unlocked the door and rushed out of the house.

\* \* \*

The next morning they found Theophilus Bannermann. From the raised red and black barrier he dangled; and he was dead.

To the gate-post, below, he had attached a little card. On it, between two arrows pointing, one to the Red, one to the Black kingdoms, one saw the words:

"I am dying for my fatherland!"

ANDREAS LATZKO.

### FEMINISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

THE majority of foreign residents in China, particularly the women, would be of the emphatic opinion that in the present dissolving state of Confucian ethics and the Chinese family-system, it is of the utmost importance to propagate the Western conception of the status of women and the relation of the sexes, together with all the Western notions concerning what is decent and correct and "becomes a young woman"; that is to say, the Christian view of monogamous marriage and Christian ideals of devotion and service. From this point of view I most emphatically dissent; and I have found from conversations and from the study of the manifestos and activities of China's young women, that those among them who are not baptized Christians are also strongly opposed to it. The Non-Christian Student Federation of the Peking Women Teachers' College does not mince matters in a statement issued to greet a world-conference of the Student Christian Movement held in Peking this year and attended by the great Dr. Mott himself.<sup>1</sup> "Religion," says the Federation "destroys true reason, obstructs progress and disgraces human history. It has worked indefatigably against the growth of women's rights." The statement goes on to accuse missionaries in China of being agents and spies for foreign capitalists. "The churches and the Y. M. C. A., whose pernicious influence seems burning as fiercely as ever, have led many of our youths astray. They are the tools of the tigers and willing to aid the evil. We who uphold truth, who maintain humanity, and are the enemy of capitalism, stand in a belligerent position with these organs." The manifesto concludes with the hope that the whole country will "rise up and denounce the Student Christian Federation."

This pugnacious attitude will perhaps come as a shock to large numbers of well-intentioned public women of views broadly Christian, on this side of the globe. Yet its explanation is not far to seek. The young Chinese are confronted with a task which is by no means easy, that of adapting their ethical outlook and their customs to their rapidly developing industrial society. They perceive the inadequacy of their old notions, and, in common with the younger reformers of Europe and America, they perceive the equal inadequacy of our traditional religion and ethics to cope with the task. They hope to evolve, from the present fluid state of opinion in their country, principles which are

in accordance with modern knowledge and suited to modern life. If any people in the world can do this, they are that people. They do not want to be hindered in this undertaking by the intrusion of irrelevant foreign standards of conduct. In the eyes of the Chinese women, Christian standards are irrelevant to the battle they are fighting. Notwithstanding her inferior position, woman is not more looked down upon in traditional China than she was until recent times in Europe. As to the difference in the marriage-system, it may well be held that open polygamy is less of an injustice than polygamy concealed. A concubine has her rights, the secret mistress has none. Thus Chinese women are struggling with a situation very similar to that which formerly prevailed in Christian Europe, and they do not believe that Christianity has any helpful solution to offer to the problems which itself creates. On the contrary, the tendency of the missions has been to emphasize marriage and domestic work, and to teach embroidery; whereas the Chinese woman wants economic independence, the opportunity to obtain a free career in the world and adequate intellectual and technical preparation for it. Complete equality of citizenship, education and opportunity for men and for women is the only programme that the women of the Young China movement will recognize. Nearly all of them are socialists, and they demand, furthermore, that children be supported by public grants, and that the State abstain from interfering in the relations between the sexes, except in so far as the welfare of children is concerned. Birth-control is another plank in their platform. It can not be said that the majority of Christians in Europe and America have been foremost in advocating women's rights, the abolition of capitalism, free love—or at the least, free divorce—and birth-control. It is not likely therefore, that they will give these reforms a prominent place in their programmes for the uplift of China.

But the chief harm which Christianity can do to the woman's movement in China is more subtle than the mere encouragement of reaction. The Chinese, in dealing with the position of women and their relation to men, have a rare simplicity and frankness which are due largely to the fact that they have never been taught the story of the Garden of Eden. They have not our conception of original, or even of acquired sin; especially in its dark and mysterious relation to sexual intercourse. On the contrary, their teachers have instructed them that man (and woman in her sphere), is essentially good. Chinese monks, for instance, retire from the world because they want to be quiet, not because the world is wicked and woman unclean. The gulf that extends between a people that is not "conscious of sin" and nations that can not tear the sense of guilt from their inner being is enormous; and it must be recognized and taken into consideration by any student of China's possibilities. Instructing a Chinese Christian in the doctrines of the faith produces some results that would astonish many of the devout teachers. They do not acquire the reverence and purity of heart that is expected of them, for they had both when they believed man good. Unable, by reason of their intense capacity for enjoyment, to become Puritans, they adopt the only alternative that remains—the attitude of most non-Puritan Christians—namely: that since all matters pertaining to sin, impropriety and women are wicked, they are therefore amusing and spicy. But wherever Christianity has not entered into it, the problem of women is the subject of rational and quiet discussion, without the smirks and sidelong glances of a Peeping Tom. Thus there exist in China

<sup>1</sup>Review of the Far East. 1 April, 1922. p. 172.

the elements of a woman's movement that could be more honest, clear-headed and unsentimental than the feminist movement of the West. We shall only mar it by giving it the impress of our Western "social service," with its flavour of sour grapes and overripe pears.

As an illustration of the simplicity and frankness which characterize the attitude of the Chinese in such matters, I may cite the fact that questions on the subject of marriage and motherhood were put to me in Peking by women, through a male interpreter, with a lack of embarrassment which astonished me, and surprised and delighted him after ten years in America. Further, I may relate a recent incident in Canton. Quite lately, tea-houses with women waitresses were opened there; an innovation in China, though they have long been a feature of Japanese life. It was said by people in the community that these tea-houses bade fair to become a scandal and that the women who worked in them were exposed to grave dangers. General Chen-Chung-Ming, who, if not a Christian, seems to be somewhat imbued with the spirit of the Y. M. C. A., took the view that these women needed protection, and therefore forbade their employment. (The story does not relate that he secured them employment elsewhere.) All the most influential and advanced ladies of the town were up in arms, and they could not very well be ignored because many of them were wives of high officials in the Canton Government. After an unsatisfactory interview with the Governor, the following petition was issued:

Men and women are equal. Both of them can pursue all kinds of vocations. Woman labourers in Kwantung have become quite numerous. . . . Some of them have gone to the tea-shops or wine-shops to work. What they are doing is certainly commendable.

No question of chastity is involved in this deviation from the old path. But it is not the fault of woman labourers if there should be debased men who try to insult them and make fun of them. They are too weak physically to fight with them. We have reported these circumstances to your Excellency. Your Excellency in a statement replied to the effect that women should choose the clean professions, that the conduct of depraved persons towards the waitresses in the tea-houses or the wine-shops would constitute a great obstacle to the early emancipation of women, that the Governor, in his efforts to keep society clean and maintain the integrity of women, feels constrained to prohibit the women from working in those places of amusement and urges them to be engaged in other vocations.

In reply, we beg to point out that it is our right to labour in order to support ourselves and our self-support is beneficial to society. In our opinion there can be no distinction between clean and unclean labour and high-class or low-class labour. Such a distinction would cause a revolution. Besides there is no standard whereby certain vocations can be judged as clean. Is the work of preparing tea unclean? If it is unclean it will be equally unclean for men. What your Excellency should do is to punish those men who are trying to debase women. Your Excellency's attempt to deprive women of their work in order to give no chance to the men of evil intent to corrupt the morality of society will be conducive to no good. Even if there were bad women working in the tea-houses or wine-shops, the utmost your Excellency should do is to have them dismissed, or have the Public Welfare Bureau arrest and punish them. We have not yet heard of the disbandment of one whole division of troops should some bad soldiers be found in that division.

If the attendance of men by women in public houses were injurious to society, the same would be true in the case of the attendance of women by men. The world was not created for men only, who alone could not accomplish anything. Such being the case, women have equally a place in the universe. Since there is equality for men and women both should have the freedom of selecting their own vocations without interference from the authorities.<sup>1</sup>

One wonders whether a committee of women re-

formers in the early days of the woman's movement in England and America would not have agreed with the Governor and taken steps to "rescue" their unprotected sisters and place them in the safe employ of some slave-driving domestic tyrant; and whether even to-day they could issue a document on such a topic that would not be in some way less direct or more mincing than the one just quoted. It will be noted that whereas the women pointed out to the Governor that, if he is outraged, his proper course is to punish the men responsible, they did not urge it upon him as a *sine qua non* of women continuing in tea-house employment; nor, so far as one can see, had this entered their heads as a necessity. A similar freedom from prudery is displayed in a statement by some modern women of Tien-tsin with regard to concubines. They have excluded them from their federation, but they hasten to explain that this is not because they despise them in any way, but because one of the objects of their society being to work for the abolition of concubinage, they feel they may have some difficulty in explaining the situation if they have concubines as members.<sup>2</sup> At the end they do just mention the fact that there are among concubines women of bad character whom they would prefer to avoid.

I have lately read of a document by American women which could be set beside the Canton manifesto. It hails from somewhere near Texas and states that chivalry to white women does not demand the ravishing of black ones and the burning of black men at the stake. It forms a good contrast to the attitude of the women who were called on the Arbuckle jury and cared not a rap for justice. Protests against false chivalry have always been part of the feminist equipment, but in most cases they are insincere, because they are accompanied by attempts to seek in repressive legislation the protection which is scorned when it is individually offered. One hopes to see the "soft womanly influence in public life" pass with the illusion of the gentleness of women; but above all, to see the promising feminist movement in China preserved from the contamination of its cloying sweetness. It is one of the paradoxes of modern organization, that with the greater facility for interference in individual liberty comes a lessening of the strict necessity for such interference. Nobody sees this. It is the part of the women's movements no less than advanced movements of men to assist in pointing it out. Let men and women learn equally, and bear their part in human labour according to their ability. This is the only necessary principle. The rest may be left to individual strength and the individual conscience.

DORA RUSSELL.

#### AN APOSTLE OF REVOLT.

"To preach a spirit is one thing, to propose a form another." So wrote Oscar Wilde in December, 1888, and it makes one think that, of all critics who have written in English, he is the one most needed to-day. It may seem to the casual reader that Wilde would be too completely out of sympathy with the current movements in art and letters to be of much value as a critic, and many passages might be quoted to substantiate such a belief; but such passages would not show the true Wilde. Odd as it may seem, he who was the leading "aesthete" of the late 'seventies, the object of Gilbert's derision, was in reality an Irish apostle of revolt.

Wilde was first of all a personality, second, a conversationalist, and last a writer. Living was his art, and books but the beautiful accidents of necessity.

<sup>1</sup> Review of the Far East. 25 March, 1922.

<sup>2</sup> "China Awakened." M. T. Z. Tyau. pp. 61, 12.

Thanks to Mr. Harris's memoir, it is possible to discuss his personality and inner life, though it is important to remember what he himself said of the facts of Keats's life: that they are "interesting only when they are shown in their relation to his creative activity. The moment they are isolated, they are either uninteresting or painful."

Wilde was born of a family prominent in Dublin, connected on the one hand with a snobbish circle, and on the other with rebellion. His father and mother were both interested in the ancient glories of their race; his mother was a poet of its struggles, and Wilde's full name, Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, is itself a reminder of those struggles. His education and his life at home filled him with love of literature and scholarship, though it cursed him with the snob's idolatry of the "best" books, the "best" people, the "best" places. This turn was not essentially in his character, but it did colour the external manifestations of it. It was in this state, with these tastes, and endowed with an alert spirit, that Wilde went to England.

An Irishman is ever a foreigner in England, and hence has the detachment necessary for criticism of English life. He is familiar with external manners and customs, he speaks the language, and, when from Dublin, he speaks it with a delightful purity; but to the current adoration of trade and the stock-market he is not only a stranger but a foe. Such was Wilde. This particular hatred of the smug and commercial spirit of his day must be remembered by all who wish to understand his real attitude towards art and criticism. It is easy but superficial to assume that his gibes at the commercial spirit are an evidence of snobbishness, that they show him simply cringing to the landed nobility; their spirit permeates all his work, and they are as often directed against members of the old families as against members of the bourgeoisie. Wilde's irritation is clearly with English ideals of the day; it is not with any class. He says of the race itself, "It represents the survival of the pushing"; and elsewhere, "My dear fellow, you forget that we are in the native land of the hypocrite." If such sentiments were confined to one work, one might say that they expressed the purpose of the particular work in question; but they are to be found in everything he wrote, found with such frequency as to suggest his never losing the slightest opportunity to get them in. Speaking of a book on art by one Harry Quilter, he says that "he has the enthusiasm of the auctioneer," and adds, "To many, no doubt, he will seem to be somewhat blatant and bumptious, but we prefer to regard him as being simply British." An economic ideal of life annoys him, and a political ideal seems stupid.

Such then was the larger and misunderstood reason for Wilde's attitude towards the life of his day. The cause of the misunderstanding lies partly in his personality, and partly in a critical misappreciation. Mr. Harris, in his memoir of Wilde, quotes a letter of Sir Edward Sullivan, in which Wilde is described as a romancer who did not think his hearers were taken in. The description refers to the schoolboy, Wilde, but it is easy to discover the same romancer, with the same disregard of seriously convincing anybody, in the author of "Intentions." The exaggerations are great, and the positions taken are so extravagant that the reader is dazed rather than satisfied. Wilde knew that there was in his language the electricity that could shock Philistinism out of its complacency. That was what he sought to do, and he cared little for logic

or consistency. Few forget such phrases as "The English public always feels perfectly at ease when a mediocrity is talking to it" or "It forgives everything except genius"; and the constant iteration of such epigrams provokes not merely a reply, but an attempt to exemplify the truth of the reply.

The misappreciation is of the fact that Wilde was essentially a dramatist. In "Intentions" he wrote critical essays in the form of dialogues; but, unlike his predecessors in that form, he conducts them like scenes of a play. He is particular to insert stage-directions and to supply the necessary "business." He does not even stop there; he dramatizes so completely that he finds himself struggling between two aspects of his characters. On the one hand, they are individuals who must speak their minds; and on the other they are the mouthpieces of the author's philosophy. Frequently the tendency to dramatize triumphs over the exposition of doctrine and sets free the romancing spirit. When it does, we are hypnotized by the luxury of language only to be awakened by an ironic phrase.

An apprehension of these facts will enable us justly to appraise his critical writing. It is dangerous to fancy an author ironic, but, for all that, one can not resist the temptation to do so in reading "The Decay of Lying." Oscar Wilde showed how he could attack his own beliefs, when he wrote "Dorian Gray"; and in his letters replying to criticism of the book, he showed that his attack was intentional. So in the essay, through the words of Vivian, he seems to state ironically the truth that the more we detach art from nature and worship it as an idol, the more unwholesomely do we divorce ourselves from nature and the possibilities of natural enjoyments. He says practically that in his correspondence concerning "Dorian Gray," and in his reviews of novels he is constantly crying for more life. Moreover, his outburst against nature's domination of art, and his assertion of the superiority of art to nature, are really a cry for artistic selection and design, and a protest against an indiscriminate and photographic naturalism. This protest is found stated directly in "The Critic as Artist," and in his reviews, and it is based on a great truth. He feels that the work of the naturalistic writers is too timely, and that what is mindful of time is forgetful of eternity. He attacks the subordination of art to moral preaching, because he feels that it produces sentimentalism; but he does not stop there. He attacks any purpose in art which exists external to the creative work itself and, like a *Deus ex machina*, controls the characters or the story.

There is little need of dwelling upon the æsthetic doctrine associated with the name of Wilde. It is epitomized in the essays mentioned, and is known to all; but there is considerable need of determining to what extent it was simply a weapon used by an alien, by a revolutionist, by one who desired, at all costs, to awaken the public to the fact that life has an object higher than manufacture, commerce, or banking, and a broader vision than that found in middle-class domesticity. To do this, it is necessary first to show that he was Irish not merely by birth and blood but in his mental make-up, and that he was conscious of the difference between himself and those about him. These things can be demonstrated by two biographical incidents. Mr. Harris says that at the time of the suit for libel he gave him sound advice, and told him that any Englishman would act on it. Wilde replied that he was not English, but Irish. The fact that he felt, rightly or wrongly, that he could not do what an

Englishman could do, is clear evidence of a conviction of difference. This is reinforced by Bernard Shaw's note, recounting a meeting with Wilde and his sympathetic understanding of Shaw's aims, which others did not grasp. The whole scene, as described, is full of the spirit of two countrymen meeting on a foreign shore. But Wilde's letter to the editor of *St. James's Gazette* sets forth unmistakably this nationalist consciousness:

As things are at present, the criticisms of ordinary newspapers are of no interest whatsoever, except in so far as they display, in its crudest form, the Boëtianism of a country that has produced some Athenians, and in which some Athenians have come to dwell.

His writings which are of a less personal nature also show it. He criticizes Prof. Mahaffy's book, "Greek Life and Thought," in a most unfavourable fashion, because the author is imperialistic, because he is a partisan of "Bloody Balfour," and because of his prejudice against Greek patriots and "those few fine Romans who, sympathizing with Hellenic civilization and culture, recognized the political value of autonomy and the intellectual importance of a healthy national life." It is true that in this case, he is ostensibly objecting to the introduction of modern political bias into a discussion of Greek culture; but the stress laid upon it, and the things singled out, make clear the nationalist spirit behind his objection.

The great obstacle to associating purposeful discontent, much less energetic revolt, with the name of Wilde, lies in the fact that purpose seems to have been utterly lacking in his life, and that the physical activity of an energetic existence seems to have been distinctly distasteful to him. Yet his thought is quite another matter. There is ample evidence of radical thought in his writings, but it has been disregarded because it is found most abundantly in that portion which is so often neglected, his reviews. It is customary to say that they are unimportant, that they might have been written by a dozen writers of less genius. The validity of such a criticism may be disputed, but it is irrelevant. The significance of the reviews in the present discussion is in their freedom from the romancing spirit and the decorative and dramatic treatment which appears in "Intentions." They are objective to a greater degree than the rest of his work, and contain only such critical comment as the book under consideration provokes. Praising a work on dinners and dishes, he takes occasion to attack the toryism of the British cook and to contrast her, not only with the French or Italian cook, but even with the American. Six months later, he is advocating the male's abandonment of the position of dictator in his home. These are small things, but like the straws, they show his direction. His purpose becomes clear when he praises George Sand for preaching the regeneration of mankind "with the enthusiasm of the true evangelist," and clearer when in another review, he says, "The poor are not to be fed upon facts. Even Shakespeare and the pyramids are not sufficient; nor is there much use in giving them the results of culture unless we also give them those conditions under which culture can be realized." This thought was ever present in his mind; he seems to have been disgusted at superficial humanitarianism. In "Dorian Gray," when the politician sententiously remarks that the East End is a very important problem, Lord Henry replies "Quite so. It is the problem of slavery, and we try to solve it by amusing the slaves."

The same thought is to be found in a review of a work upon George Sand by M. Caro. He is vehement in his attack upon this book, because the academician

did not approve of using the novel as a vehicle of thought. In answer to the charge that Mme. Sand's doctrine of social regeneration is antediluvian he says, "If it is antediluvian, it is so because the deluge is yet to come." In view of the last eight years, such an observation seems like a grim prophecy.

Quite clearly, then, there is ground for saying that Wilde was an Irishman in revolt against his age. There is equal ground for asserting that the doctrines set forth in "Intentions" do not represent his real opinion. In the case of a man whose works are practically extracts from his conversations, who has said that conversation should touch everything but should concentrate itself on nothing, we can not fancy that any single work will be adequate as evidence of his opinions. All that is left us is but a fragment of what he expressed. Two passages in his reviews are especially interesting, because they seem to explain and enlarge upon what flashes from the kaleidoscopic wit of "The Decay of Lying" and "The Critic as Artist." One of these appears in a note on Whistler's lecture, in which he says, "For the arts are made for life, and not life for the arts." This is a contradiction of what is found in the essays, but, by itself, would not serve to clarify his actual thought concerning the theory associated with his name. The article from which it is taken is a sober discussion rather than a lyrical utterance, and the sentence quoted seems to carry with it the comment "joking aside, these are the facts"; but, granting all this, a definite statement of his theory is lacking. It may be found, however, in an article written the following year, a review of a translation of the "Letters of George Sand": "'Art for art's sake' is not meant to express the final cause of art, but is merely a formula for creation." Surely such a formula can be accepted. In the passage from which the quotation is taken, he implies that the artist must not permit the final cause of art, which is life, to switch him from the true path of his work. He quotes with approval George Sand's remark to Flaubert concerning the writer's necessity of expressing his philosophy in his writings, and cites as her best piece of literary criticism her observation to Flaubert: "You consider the form as the aim, whereas it is but the effect. Happy expressions are only the outcome of emotion, and emotion itself proceeds from conviction. We are only moved by that which we ardently believe in."

If, then, an attempt is made to set down Wilde's true beliefs in matters of criticism, it will be seen that to him the arts were made for life, and made as its greatest joy and noblest expression; that the whole field of life is the field of art; but that the first duty of the artist is to select, since, in actual life, the trivial surrounds and sometimes obscures the beautiful and significant; that the formula of creation is art for art's sake, by which is meant that the truth to be sought is not the truth of fact, but the truth of art; that artistic work may be the vehicle of thought, that it is great when it sets forth a great philosophy, but that it can not be simply the handmaid of philosophy—it must be true to itself. These ideas explain the essays in the volume entitled "Intentions," as dialogues concerning æsthetics between two men of different natures and beliefs. The characters are true each to itself, and the conflict brings out paradoxes, epigrams, and pages of decorative prose. The ideas are extravagant, because the characters chosen are extravagant in order that their discourse may provoke.

Yet this genius, who might have done so much, did little; and the explanation of this is in the personality

of the man. Two failings retarded his productivity; indolence and vanity. The latter was the worse, for to the satisfaction of that he bent all his efforts. Even his revolt became an expression of this weakness. Since his vanity could find gratification in other ways which were easier than sustained writing, and since he was not a fighter, as Shaw is, his work was left undone. He who might have been a great architect of literary monuments, was content to be a master in duels of wit.

JOSEPH L. TYNAN.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

### SO THIS IS PARIS!

SIRS: It is with considerable satisfaction that I read the expositions, published in the more exclusive magazines, of the delights of the exceptional citizen living in the United States. The ordinary citizen—seemingly by default—has a rather bad time of it; but the unusual one, the intelligent and perceptive one, has an amusement not vouchsafed the inferior residents of other countries: he can laugh at his co-sufferers. According to these writers—I shall mention only Mr. Henry L. Mencken and Mr. Albert Jay Nock—the spectacle of the behaviour of those members of the human race residing in America is better than any circus and far funnier than the slap-stick antics of the cleverest of clowns.

Somehow this reasoning leaves me cold. I enjoy spectacles, especially circuses and, above all, clowns. But I enjoy them as I have always thought spectacles should be enjoyed, that is to say, as a spectator. I have always admired great histrionic art, yet I have never wished to be a great actor. I have been thrilled by even the most modern of orchestral music, nevertheless I have never wished to play the piccolo. I have been glad that there are men to continue Max Beerbohm's tradition of the "Dandy," although I have often found it irksome to take a bath. It is difficult to see how one can be the thing one is laughing at. It is a form of detachment that escapes me.

Possibly thirty years ago—say at the time Henry James was discovering the necessity of Americans staying in America (while he remained away)—I should have felt far different about it. The cables were not so prompt; one actually wrote long letters to one's friends; America was a strange, alien phenomenon; even to the expatriated American. But a great deal of water has flowed under the bridges of Paris—and other bridges—since then. Electricity has destroyed the need of being provincial about the country we left behind us. Just as quickly as Mr. Mencken and much more quickly than Mr. Nock (who gets up later than I do), I receive the news that Rabelais has been barred from the mails and that Kansas has decided to make spitting out of the left side of one's mouth illegal. I learn about the intransigence of France much sooner than I read of the same regrettable phenomenon in the afternoon *Internationale*. There are in Paris daily newspapers published in English; and many excellent English newspapers, such as the *Manchester Guardian*, thanks to the aeroplane, now reach this city on the day of publication; and there is the wireless, the special dispatch, and the recent arrival who has left America less than ten days before. As a spectacle, America is much more poignant in Paris than in New York.

I read of tobacco being barred from Utah—but I read it with a cigarette in my mouth. I read of "rum" ships being seized and confiscated just outside New York harbour—as I sip my *Bordeaux blanc* on the terrace of a favourite café. I read of the "shimmy dance" being made a crime in some of our States—as I reflect upon whether or not I shall go to "Marcelle's" ball to-night, where all the ladies will be nude, and no one will be in the least disturbed. I read of "The Demi-Vierge" being ostracized from the New York stage—yet a few minutes later I am searching the quay, in the open sunlight, for my favourite book on flagellation.

Possibly one loses the ironic flavour of all America's suppressions by not being personally more or less a victim of them, but I beg to submit that there may be a flaw in this view. After all, if I live in Cincinnati I may burst my sides with laughter at the statement of some mountebank in the Post Office Department that the adventures of Pantagruel and Gargantua are indecent, but I also might find it difficult actually to get a copy of those adventures. I prefer to live where I may partake of the double pleasure. Once more, if I were residing in New York, I should most certainly chuckle till the tears came at the sort of moral reasoning about prohibition that I have heard from even such an intelligent citizen as Mrs. Mary Austin, but where could I find a public restaurant that would serve me, at moderate cost, with a civilized dinner with decent wine? I prefer to live where I may laugh—and have the dinner.

Yet, after all, it is not the more or less physical deprivations that irritate one most. I could get along without tobacco, although I should hate to try; I could get along without wine, although my dinners would be spoiled; I could find tolerable literary satisfaction in the Bible and Shakespeare, provided they may still be read; I do not dance myself, and consequently should not be much upset if the States barred all forms of dancing. To be shut off from the innocent diversions that are taken for granted here would not kill me, however angry it might make me; evidently a hundred million people are getting along without them.

No, frankly, when I think of "home" it is of none of these things. I thought of them a great deal in New York, and with fury; here I hardly ever think about them. What I can not escape remembering is something quite different; I remember the sharp, distressed, unhappy faces that haunt the streets even the humblest of us are compelled to walk on in our American cities.

Let me try to make this point clear. I notice that the *Liberator* has recently had a great deal to say about how the young intellectuals and the sophisticated people who write for the *Dial* are wholly unacquainted with the proletariat, and perhaps in America that is true; I have forgotten. But I beg to affirm on my honour that I know the proletariat here. The man from whom I buy my coal and wood is certainly a victim of the "ruthless capitalistic system," if ever there was one. He works at least fourteen hours a day, and works hard. He makes precious little, too. Yet I no more think of him as my coal-man than an English lord would think of a clerk as his equal; he is the man from whom, incidentally, I happen to buy my coal, but who primarily is the owner of a charmingly ridiculous little dog, named "Gigi," of whom he is inordinately proud. He is also primarily a man of rather shrewd wit on certain topics. He, like the other proletarians I know in Paris—my maid, the fruit-vendor, the flower-girl, the engineer that comes to fix the electric light that is always out of order, the waiters in the café; all victims of capitalism—he, like them, is always in a good humour, he always has a smile. He is not "conscious" of his position in life: whatever may be his specific work or profession in the present order (and he is probably a radical in his economic opinions), he is, first, something more than that: he is an individual with his own view of life and his own personal dignity. He may be a member, technically, of the French proletariat, but I know him, as I know my few other wealthy friends that live off the Champs Elysées, as a Frenchman. No amount of exploitation can rob him of that first dignity; no upheaval in the social structure, however cataclysmic, could add one cubit to his real stature. He might be more comfortable under a different economic system, especially one that freed him from the ever-recurring chance of having to go to war, but spiritually he would be not a whit different; and he knows it.

The practical result of this old, fine, and instinctive French view of the essential personal dignity of every individual, as an individual and not as a member of a

class or as the possessor or non-possessor of material goods, is enormous. The faces of the people here have not the harassed, envious, preoccupied look of somebody "on the make." French people want money; in one sense, they are avaricious; but money is a means, not an end. Enough is enough. The real end of working hard is to enjoy that leisure that is every one's natural right.

Consequently, when it is sunny and warm of an afternoon, I like nothing better than to walk down from my quarter to the Luxembourg and watch the youngsters, the nurses and mothers, the students, and the promenaders all at play. There is so much unaffected fun and laughing gaiety over the simplest things: I can watch the eager babies as they get their first ride on the stolid donkies, the pride of the owners of the toy yachts that sail over the tiny artificial lake, the quivers of delight and mirth that shake the children's audience at the "Grand Guignol," their sheer joy at riding on the flying pigs. The older people are happy, too, and walk slowly in the sunshine, smiling and chatting. The students from the Sorbonne or the Ecole de Médecine near by swing their books, and on some of the stone benches young couples will be embracing or kissing with no one paying the slightest attention, least of all the becloaked gendarme who saunters slowly by, wondering why the devil the Municipal Council has recently made him carry his heavy revolver when all he has to do is amiably to twirl his moustache.

A little thing, you say? Well, so it is; but somehow I never enjoyed walking in Central Park of a Sunday or watching what in California is euphemistically called "organized" play. The children at home reflect the worry and unhappiness of their elders; how seldom I remember them as genuinely having a good time! When I go to the theatre here in the quarter on the rue de la Gaite I see at least a score of babies and twice as many youngsters of five or under; for French families share their pleasures with their children quite naturally. In the café, or on the terrace, baby-carts are wheeled up with no self-consciousness while father drinks his *apéritif* and mother takes her afternoon bock; there are no saloons in Paris—except for the Americans who haunt only the Boulevards.

Now France has her troubles (chiefly brought about by her politicians), precisely like other countries. But somehow one is not made for ever conscious of them; the immediate and vivid impression is of a people who first of all pay attention to the thing we all ought to learn first—the art of living. Times are hard; there is dreadful, grinding misery among the poor (I have seen the miserable waifs that straggle along by the bridges at midnight); there is injustice; there is the constant threat of more wars. For the industrial workers life is merciless, if we regard life purely from the point of view of the economic interpretation of history. Yet when I see in the face of the humblest French worker at les Halles that same wolfish and tired and distressed expression that I used to see on the well-shaven masks of our most successful bankers, I shall be ready to come home. I am, etc.,

*Paris.*

HAROLD E. STEARNS.

## MISCELLANY.

I HAVE long been trying to make up my mind about the value of modern representation of the Greek play; which, now that Mr. Gilbert Murray's popularization of Greek drama holds the field, means the presentation of a Greek play in an English metrical translation. The opportunity to see many of these never came my way; so I was much pleased to hear that the "Alcestis" of Euripides was to be done during the last week in May, by the pupils of Miss Bennett's school at Millbrook, N. Y., under the direction of the scholarly actor, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, and his wife, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison. Mr. Kennedy has built a remarkably fine Greek theatre at Millbrook; by a combination of great skill and great good luck, especially in the matter of acoustics, where luck still seems to

count for more than one would think it could, he has succeeded in getting something that only time, by maturing his poplar trees, can improve. The weather had been propitious all the week, and on the day I chose to go, it was perfect—warm, bright and fresh, but with little breeze. The performance was in every way satisfactory; one could not, I think, overpraise it. It was able, spirited, reverent, conscientious. Mr. Rann Kennedy and his wife, who themselves participated, Mr. Kennedy as Hercules and Miss Matthison as Admetus, communicated to the young actresses their own conception of the play, and their feeling for it, in a truly remarkable manner, so that each acted with a constant view to the total effect, and the integrity of the piece, down to the smallest detail, was preserved in a fashion sincerely Greek.

So I have seen a Greek play done, probably, as well as it could be done; and I find that instead of resolving my doubts, the very excellence of the performance only enhanced them. Perhaps Mr. Rann Kennedy can help me with them. As a *tour de force*, the Greek play in Mr. Murray's version, in a Greek theatre on a sunny quiet afternoon in May, is all very well; it is an enchanting experience to see the intricate interweavings and sculptural groupings of the chorus as it moves to the solemn strains of Mr. Middleton's music, "without grief or bliss," upon the carpet of grass. But Mr. Rann Kennedy is a scholar in a family-line of very distinguished scholars, and is not interested in a *tour de force*, however effective. One can not, perhaps, speak as confidently of some of the schools and universities which have more or less gone in for the Greek play, but there is no doubt about Mr. Kennedy's disinterestedness. The question, then, is one of the value of the translated Greek play as a dramatic representation. Granted the value of the classical subject, about which, probably, there can be no debate, except in the case of a certain order of subject like that of the "Alcestis" itself, the interest of which was special and has now disappeared entirely; granting this value, do we realize it in largest measure through the translation and modernization of a Greek drama on such a subject, or through some other means? Was the instinct of Shakespeare and Goethe a correct one, and is it the more effective way, if a drama upon some subject of classical antiquity is wanted, to write one? I suspect that it is; and my suspicion is even stronger since I saw Mr. Rann Kennedy's representation than it was before.

THE idea animating this performance of the "Alcestis," for example—its theory as a dramatic representation, pure and simple—was to affect a modern English-speaking audience as far as possible in the same way as the original drama of Euripides affected its audiences. This idea also seems to underlie Mr. Murray's translation, and it is a sound one. The purpose of any translation, in so far as it is a good one, is to make upon alien thought and feeling the same impression that the original made upon native thought and feeling. In the case of the Greek drama, however, there are in the way of this purpose obstacles that seem to me insurmountable. The first one—and its sufficiency is such that perhaps I need mention no others—is that we do not know at all how Euripides affected his audiences, nor have we at present, or seem likely ever to have, any means of finding out. Mr. Murray's method with this problem is that of ingenious, and often quite plausible and persuasive conjecture; but at its best its success is questionable. Perhaps a safer method would be to depend upon the effect which Euripides now produces upon scholars—this, at least, is ascertainable—and try to make one's own version reproduce that effect. I have now heard Mr. Murray's version of the "Alcestis" acted, and besides have read it with care; and while I can not speak with authority, I greatly doubt that it would affect a modern English-speaking audience in anything remotely resembling the way that the original affected Mr. Jowett or Mr. Bywater, for example, who were Mr. Murray's predecessors in the

Regius Professorship of Greek. But too much may not be made of any method with this problem, for it is quite insoluble; and this in itself puts one far on the way to believing that the best way with drama on a subject of classical antiquity is to write it afresh. I have not read Mr. Murray's "Andromache," but I would wager that he comes nearer the mark with it than he has done with his metrical translations.

BUT if my misgivings are groundless, or if Mr. Rann Kennedy somehow overrules them in behalf of translated Greek drama, two things may be said, I think, beyond peradventure. First, the translation should not be, like Mr. Murray's, in rhyme and metre; it should be in prose. If Mr. Rann Kennedy convinces me that he knows what effect Euripides produced upon his audience, and that he can reproduce that effect upon a modern audience, through an English translation, he will at least admit that the task is one of great difficulty and that all his apparatus should be such as to lessen that difficulty rather than to increase it; and a metrical rhymed translation greatly increases it, and without, as far as I can see, any corresponding gain of any kind. Reproduction in English of the original metrical scheme is obviously impracticable; so one makes no gain in faithfulness by substituting a metrical scheme of one's own over against a prose version. Prose is more flexible, its resources are larger, and when composed with due regard to the ear as well as the eye—when it is a prose which "acts well," as the professional phrase is—its effect, in a case of this kind, is much more powerful. Mr. Rann Kennedy knows both languages, Greek and English, exceedingly well; he has a poet's feeling for both, and as an actor, he also knows the professional requirements that are put upon the phonetics of prose. I wish he would make a sample prose version, say, of the long scene which ends with the death of Alcestis, and put it beside Mr. Murray's metrical version, and tell me what he thinks.

THE second criticism that seems valid beyond doubt is this. If we are to present Greek plays as actual dramatic representations, with a view to reproducing upon our audiences the effect that the originals produced upon theirs, the theme of the play should be one with which a modern audience can in some measure sympathize. If this be true, the "Alcestis" is an utterly hopeless undertaking. Like the "Antigone" of Sophocles its theme is one which has no interest for us; we can not even improvise an interest in it, because there is nothing remotely corresponding to it in any of our social, religious or theological credenda. The theme is that Apollo granted to the Thessalian King Admetus that when his time came, he might escape death if he could find some one who would die in his stead; and after his parents declined to oblige him in the matter of this little service, his wife Alcestis consented to do so. For the Greeks, this story had, no doubt, a specific interest; we do not know, we have no idea, what precisely this interest was, but unquestionably they had an interest in it, they could sympathize with it. We have no such interest and can have none; their sentiments towards this theme are simply not reproducible. If a modern dramatist were writing afresh upon a theme taken from classical antiquity, he would not choose this one, for he would perceive at once that he could do nothing with it. He would choose, as Mr. Murray himself has done, a theme like that of the "Andromache," which has an eternal interest and with which all peoples, nations and languages can always sympathize. Hence, if we are to regard the giving of the translated Greek play as a valid dramatic representation, plays like the "Antigone" and the "Alcestis," the themes of which can not possibly command interest or sympathy in a modern audience, must be ruled out.

BUT in another view than that of a valid dramatic representation, the Greek play is pre-eminently worth giving, especially under such auspices as it was given the other

day at Millbrook. It is impossible for those who gave the play to enter into such an association with Mr. Rann Kennedy and Miss Matthison without gaining a deep, formative and quickening sense of much of the best in Greek culture. This sense may not have been communicated chiefly or even largely through participation in the play itself, certainly not through immersing oneself in Mr. Murray's version of the play; but indirectly through association over the production of the play, it must in some measure have been communicated, and this is just so much clear gain which amply justifies the undertaking. Moreover, in this view, one may well remember that as a matter of acting, the Greek drama is something that anyone can do well; and the reason for this is perhaps more interesting than the fact itself. It is because in Greek drama the central idea, the theme of the play, is everything; it is always kept in full view, and attention is never permitted to shift from it for a single instant. Therefore, since the Greek drama can be well acted by anybody, since it requires no special or highly developed histrionic gift (as modern stagecraft understands the term) these representations offer one of the widest and most inclusive opportunities for contact with the great stream of regenerative and formative influence that proceeds from Greek culture.

JOURNEYMAN.

## MUSIC.

### A FUTURIST EXPERIMENT.

To an American the intellectual life in Paris to-day is astounding. The hunger caused by the four years of war appears to have been not only physical but cultural as well. The rebound of France is shown not only in the courage with which her exhausted and suffering people have cleared and planted the devastated regions, but also in the energy of her creative artists, her publishers, her art-loving public. Paris is still the world-arena where new ideas in art meet in gladiatorial combat with the accepted order.

Not the least significant feature of the modern trend (seen pictorially in cubist canvases and in the new stage-decorations of Picasso, Derain and others) was the performance at the "Théâtre des Champs Elysées" of a group of "futurist" musical instruments invented by the Italian scholar, Louis Russolo, and introduced by the originator of the Futurist Movement, the Italian poet, F. T. Marinetti.<sup>1</sup> These "bruiteurs" are intended to fill a more important rôle than that of mere adjunct to the orchestra; they are meant to make possible a new kind of music unfettered by the present orchestral limitations which, to the futurists, seem to hinder an adequate expression of the spirit of this age. The creation of these instruments is a direct parallel to the avowed efforts of the futurists in painting and poetry, namely: to reflect in art the forces which have been brought to bear upon modern life through the invention of machinery which has enlarged man's possibilities of achievement and dwarfed the importance of the individual. The desire to express in art the vast, impersonal forces that dominate our life to-day seems a logical step, no matter how incoherent the present expression may be.

Let us hear Mr. Russolo's own apologia:

The art of music sought first for limpid purity and sweetness of sound. Next, it blended different sounds in an effort to caress the ear with pleasant harmonies. To-day, the art of music seeks to blend sounds that are most dissonant, most strange and strident. We thus approach noise-sounds. This evolution in music is parallel to the growing multiplication of machines which share in human labour. In the resounding atmosphere of our great towns as in country districts heretofore silent, the machine has to-day created so great a number

<sup>1</sup>This article was written in the autumn of 1921, shortly before the death of the author.

of varied noises that pure sound, through its smallness and monotony, no longer arouses any emotion. To excite our sensibilities music has developed in seeking a more complex polyphony and greater variety of timbres and of instrumental colour. It strives to obtain successions of the most complicated dissonant chords, and has thus prepared the way for musical noise. This evolution towards noise-sound is only possible to-day. The ear of man in the eighteenth century could never have borne the discordant intensity of certain chords produced by our orchestras (tripled as to the number of performers); our ear, on the contrary, rejoices in it, used as we are to it through our modern life, rich in noises of all sorts. In fact, our ear, far from being satisfied, incessantly demands acoustical sensations still more vast. On the other hand, musical sound is too restricted as to the variety and quality of its timbres. Until now, the number of timbres has not been amplified because of a lack of exact knowledge of the difference which separates sound and noise. We believed it to be enormous and profound. It is minute. In reality it is only a difference of quantity in the number of harmonics (overtones) which accompany the fundamental tone. These harmonics are more numerous in noise than in sound. It was therefore necessary to create instruments constructed in such a way as to give each one the timbre of a noise with the possibility of modifying the pitch of the tone with all the diatonic and chromatic variations. That is what I have realized with my '*bruiteurs*' constructed in collaboration with Ugo Piaffi. These instruments are absolutely new, with new timbre and with tone which can be modified at will. With my '*bruiteurs*', diatonic and chromatic melodies may be performed in all possible tones of the scale and in all rhythms. To play the '*bruiteurs futuristes*' one turns a crank with the right hand, and with the left operates a lever which slides on a plane on which the notes of the scale are marked. Some of the '*bruiteurs*' have, instead of a crank, an electric button which the musician presses in order to give the vibrations which produce the sound noise. Up to the present I have perfected the following twenty-nine '*bruiteurs*': three *Hululeurs* (low, medium, high), three *Grondeurs* (low, medium, high), three *Crépateurs* (low, medium, high), three *Strideurs* (low, medium, high), three *Bourdonneurs* (low, medium, high), three *Glouglouteurs* (low, medium, high), two *Eclateurs* (low, high), one *Sibleur* (low), four *Croiseurs* (low, medium, high, very high), four *Froufrouteurs* (low, medium, high, very high).

The low, medium and high '*bruiteurs*' correspond in a certain manner to the different ranges of the double bass violoncello and violin, as well as to the different ranges of bass, contralto and soprano.

The name '*bruiteur*' (noise-maker) has led superficial minds to consider my instruments as shocking and cacophonous. But I firmly declare that my '*bruiteurs*' in general and my *glouglouteurs* and *froufrouteurs* in particular are more agreeable to the ear than the sweetest instruments of the orchestra. In my opinion the invention of the '*bruiteurs*' should enrich the orchestra which during two-hundred years has hardly been altered in its essential instruments. For this reason I have deemed it appropriate to let my twenty-nine '*bruiteurs*' be heard with the seventeen essential instruments of the orchestra. The six musical compositions which my brother has created, employing an orchestra more varied than any other, will give a variety of harmonic pleasures as surprising as they are delicate.

The "*bruiteurs*" have indeed thrown open a door to wide research in the possibilities of sound-material; a research that may add to the composer's power of expression. In the hands of a creative artist they might give to music a new eloquence. Yet it is in their suggestion rather than in their accomplishment that they are to-day chiefly valuable. That we need new instruments, perhaps instruments of this type, may be true. But must modern music be a reflection of that "*méchanique*" so emphasized in doctrinaire futurism? The forces of speed, electricity, light and steam that have become part of the consciousness and subconsciousness of modern man, may well deserve a place in the art of our time. But does not futurism lay disproportionate emphasis upon the machines which man has invented for the liberation of these forces? When the futurists say that the sound of motor-cars is to-day more beautiful than the music of the masters of a century ago, we may admit that behind their obvious desire to attract attention may lie a sincere

admiration of the wonder and beauty of speed and power suggested by the motor; for they feel that these impersonal forces are of greater interest than a personal human emotion, small beside the magnitude of the impersonal. But in this admiration of the abstract, why extol the machine itself, a very concrete and limited man-made thing?

An appraisal of futurism, in painting, poetry and music, must be based on an understanding of the men who are postulating this new art. They are Italians; they live in a land which they feel is overshadowed by a past which has made of Italy a vast museum, swallowing up the initiative of the younger generation in a vault of accumulated yesterdays. Mediæval surroundings, ancient architecture, famous works of art dwarfing the possibilities of artistic achievement to-day—the hand of this great past is for ever retarding the youth of the land in its struggle to achieve an adequate self-expression. The futurists are in violent reaction against this past and they take extreme ways of expressing their reaction. They insist on disengaging themselves wholly from what they call the "mausoleums" of Italian art-tradition. Modernity is to them exciting, stimulating, novel. Speed, in a land where there is none, becomes to them a goddess. Thus Italian futurism, understood in relation to the nationality and environment of its leaders, is a local revolution. In traditionless America, on the other hand, Mr. Vachel Lindsay goes about preaching not a deification of the Machine as an art-expression, but the "Gospel of Beauty"! If Mr. Marinetti and Mr. Russolo had been reared in some gigantic American factory-town where mechanism is employed on a scale undreamed of in Continental Europe where instead of blue Italian skies the heavens are a heavy grey monotone of soot and smoke, and the air filled with coal-gas and a soul-deadening din, I wonder if they would still exalt the mechanical? If they were accustomed to be pushed and buffeted in the breathless rush in which every American is carried along, even against his will, in our big cities, would they so fanatically deify Speed? While Italy may need a Marinetti to shake her artists awake to an expression of modern impulses, America may, rather, need a futurism of her own.

In literature, Mr. Lindsay, who has tramped afoot along the vast corn-fields of Kansas, has sought to express the soul of the man who employs the latest inventions in mechanical "reapers and binders": he gives us a sense of the enterprise of the American farmer rather than the wonder of the steam-binder in itself. In the same way, Mr. Percy Grainger, in his "Marching Song of Democracy," has reflected the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race—an aggressively robust spirit of experiment and progress. Whether or not our composers shall use the "*bruiteurs*" or something like them, it is to be hoped that they will evolve an expression of the great spiritual vistas before us, instead of an exaltation of our mechanical achievements. If the arts of painting and music in America are still for the most part far behind our literature in individuality; if they are still incongruously tame, sweet, and too reminiscent of older European masters to express the gigantic energies of our continent; if the magnificent dynamic drive, the bold, youthful stride of our land has produced no echoing vibration in the arts; is it not because we are so dominated by machinery in America that our natural reaction is towards the personal and sentimental in art? We are too much surrounded by the mechanical to be able to see in perspective the beauty of the forces that propel it. We are at one extreme; the Italian futurists, in time-hallowed Italy, are at the other. Ours

is a different artistic problem. We have a million phonographs to one creative artist. We need to humanize machinery, not further to mechanize humanity.

The very limitations of the "bruiseurs" lie in their mechanical ideal. Being chiefly instruments of mechanism, they lack the subtleties and the re-creative individuality of hand-made sounds. The crude "bull-roarer" of the American Indian by which rain is invoked through an imitation of thunder, was similar in sound to one of the "bruiseurs," yet infinitely more expressive because it depended on the dynamic power of the man who wielded it. Artistic variety is the product of the spontaneously creative human imagination which underlies all expressive art. The "bruiseurs" were as monotonous as machinery itself.

Mr. Russolo contrasts modern and ancient life and tells us that ancient life was "silent." ("La vie antique ne fut que silence.") Here, it seems to me, is a fundamental fallacy. While ancient life was not noisy in the modern sense, it was not silent for it was *vocal*. As a close student of the still-existing "ancient" life of America—that of the North American Indian—I know that among this people there is scarcely an act that is not accompanied with song. The same is true of the Negro; it is also true of the little Basque village where I now write. There is in this simpler life no din of trams, trains or factories, but there are singing men, singing women and singing children. It is indeed the pathos rather than the pride of modernity that where the machine roars, man is silenced.

The attempt to open to music a vast reservoir of sound-material may result in some artistic development undreamed of by the inventor of the "bruiseurs." The life of Nature is filled with sound that usually falls on deaf ears. There is a cosmic music—if one may call it so—all about us, full of a beauty to which we are only half awake. The kind of musical composition which might employ sounds more mysterious in timbre, more elusive in pitch, might involve a use of the structural principles of irregular vibration underlying the mechanism of the "bruiseurs." When one discounts the violent extremes of doctrinaire futurism, there is left at least one important idea; the idea that man's present knowledge of forces infinite in magnitude can be expressed in art.

NATALIE CURTIS.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

SIRS: The Astor Estate has just cleaned up on the unearned increment in the Bronx.

What kind of "nobility" is it that "appropriates" the rent of land of the people of New York and lives on it in England? I am, etc., G. L.

### THE FLUCTUATING MARKET.

SIRS: Pounds sterling go up and the Wall Street commentators gloat over a "strong situation"; they fall and we are told that the market is "not so strong"; sterling is static and the observation is that "London is holding its own," no matter how low "its own" may be. The stupid and unconscious irony of the reams of financial patter printed daily is comparable only to the "dope" about race-horses, read avidly by the betting-population. The bottom drops out of the stock market and the Wall Street exegetes assure us that "technical" strength, nevertheless, prevails; the bottom is restored and raised a wobbly peg or two and the country's business is said to be looking up. The bond-market is active, hence the dictum that confidence is restored and people are investing in basic securities; the bond-market slumps, therefore business is good, too, but this time because speculators see good times ahead and want to participate in the consequent rise of stocks. "A fool is full of words!" I am, etc., W. W. S.

### PRINCIPLES OF PROSODY.

SIRS: The notation of the Miltonic line cited by Mr. Jones, in your issue of 26 April, is as follows:

P. | P.  
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades of death,

This, no doubt, will excite the horror of precisians because it indicates that Milton wrote a line containing eight of what they are pleased to call feet, contrary to their sacred canons. Nature, however, seems to care little for precisians and nothing for sacred canons. This is the only way the line can be read naturally.

Not in any spirit of controversy, nor for the sake of argument, but only in search of knowledge, may I not ask Mr. Jones to mention some of the lines "murdered" by the attempt to read them in three-eights time? Is he quite sure that the Lanier method would indicate that time? Not all English poetry is written in three-eight time. If a poem have another time-bar and Mr. Jones tries to read it in three-eight time I can understand that the result might be murderous; but I have never been able to find a line written in whatsoever time that could not be read with ease and exactness by the Lanier method when that method is fairly and understandingly applied. Mr. Jones's researches may have been more fruitful than mine.

Mr. Jones says we read,

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, the seas  
in a different time from that in which we read the line

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, the seas, and the plains.

Who are "we"? I do not. Neither does any other person to whom I have submitted this astonishing theory. If I correctly understand Mr. Jones, his reason for believing in this difference in time is that one line is longer than the other. It would seem as just to say that time in music varies with the size of the sheet of paper on which the notes are printed.

Does not this illuminate the whole subject? To one person the Lanier system of prosody is incomprehensible; to another a "duple" scheme of iambic pentameters is inadequate and unworkable. It is the constant aim of classicism to legislate for everybody in and out of its pale. At the risk of prosecution for heresy, I fear I shall have to dissent. So far in life I have been able to listen to music and poetry only with my own ears and not with ears Oxonian, however august and worshipful these may be.

There are two defects in the Lanier system. It was devised by an American. It was devised outside the precincts of the cloister. It has, however, the advantage of being in accordance with the laws of sound and of English speech, if these are important. When all is said and argued, the physical fact remains that time is required for the uttering of a syllable. I do not know that any follower of Lanier thinks his system has exclusive rights to universal acceptance. That could hardly be, anyhow, so long as music is untaught in most of our public schools. Perhaps only students of music will ever be heartily in sympathy with it. There are those that are rhythm-deaf as there are those that are colour-blind. Certainly, until the identical time-basis of music and poetry has eminent sanction no one will be compelled to adopt it—or perhaps allowed to do so. I am, etc., Washington, D. C.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

### "THE HAIRY APE."

SIRS: What does Mr. Louis Baury mean when, in his reply to Mr. Ralph Block's strictures on his critical condemnation of "The Hairy Ape," he says with such assurance: "Strictly speaking, 'The Hairy Ape' is not an innovation in form at all. Quite aside from the approach to it which Mr. O'Neill himself made in 'The Emperor Jones,' it adheres to familiar methods of the modernist movement in Germany almost as closely as, let us say, Mr. Owen Davis's plays adhere to the accepted methods of Broadway. Such points, however, may be allowed to pass"? It is exactly such a meaningless point which must not be allowed to pass when it is made by so able a critic as Mr. Baury.

What and whose "familiar methods" is Mr. Baury thinking of, and exactly what does he mean by the "modernist movement in Germany"? Even my slight acquaintance with the activities of the German dramatists since, let us say, 1910, when the first expressionist play appeared—I refer to "Der Bettler" by the late Reinhard Sorge—has not crystallized into so definite and so unyielding an expression as the "modernist movement in Germany."

I might have known what Mr. Baury was driving at if he had said the "familiar methods" of the grim, satanic Carl Sternheim; or the cinematic Walter Hasenclever; or the rugged, idealistic Fritz von Unruh; or the easily exalted Paul Kornfeld; or the pious Sorge; or the Spartacist Toller, author of "Massemensch"; or Shakespeare, whose "Timon of Athens" lately was produced as an expressionistic play by Robert Precht in the Schlosspark Theatre in a suburb of Berlin; or Otto Zoff; or the bewildering Georg Kaiser—ah, now I know! it is Georg Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight" that Mr. Baury was thinking of. Indeed, if he had used some such identifying expression, I would have appreciated immediately that he was saying, indirectly, that there are as many forms of modernism as there are modernists.

For there are, as Mr. Baury apparently does not know, one or two other modern dramatists in Germany who are not yet expressionists, and there are expressionists who are not yet modernists. Furthermore, when one uses the expression "modernist movement in Germany," one must include the Strindberg who wrote "The Dance of Death" and "The Dream Play," and the erotic Frank Wedekind; for these two are the spiritual fathers of the present brood of German artists called expressionists. One must also include Herr Shakespeare and one or two other Germans like our old friends, Euripides and Sophocles.

Surely Mr. Baury does not really believe that Mr. O'Neill adheres to the "familiar methods" of all these German Herren. He does not even adhere to the method with which Mr. Baury is most familiar; that of Georg Kaiser, in "From Morn to Midnight." What is probably misleading Mr. Baury is a certain deceptive similarity in the externality of form; a form, by the way, which, as he astutely suggests, Mr. O'Neill used in "The Emperor Jones" long before he had heard of the expressionists. The mere fact that a dramatist breaks up his play into eight or 200 million scenes does not make him an expressionist, for, in that event, Tovarisch Gorky, Mr. John Drinkwater, and Bernard Shaw, are expressionists. In fact, brother Shiw's plays are almost always "scenes."

In "From Morn to Midnight" the versatile Herr Kaiser presents to us a bank clerk. Is he a real bank clerk, however, or the author's abstraction of a bank clerk's mind? Is this bank clerk realized as a character; that is to say, does one conceive of him as being a flesh and blood human being? The answer, to my mind, is in the negative: he is merely an abstraction. Kaiser has a message, and he selects the bank clerk to be his mouthpiece. Kaiser is an artist; consequently he has intuition. He peers into the mind of the bank clerk, which, being a bank clerk's mind, needs a little strengthening. He therefore presents the bank clerk with his own set of very sensitive reactions, and thus the bank clerk's mind becomes, to put it conservatively, something very like Herr Kaiser's.

In "The Hairy Ape" Mr. O'Neill presents to us a realized character—Yank, the stoker. Yank is inarticulate, and the problem is how to make him articulate. This Mr. O'Neill does by peering into Yank's undeveloped but seething mind, and under that examination the message comes to light. Yank, inarticulate, has no message: Yank, articulate, has one; and it is Yank's message that Mr. O'Neill gives us, not Mr. O'Neill's abstraction of what he thinks it should be.

Yank's message, moreover, is quite clear. Can Mr. Baury tell us what Mr. Kaiser's message is? The difference between the methods of Kaiser and O'Neill is that the one never reveals his exact aim, while the other never obscures it. It is not a question of comparative merit; it is simply a demonstration of difference in intention. Mr. Kaiser is, or was, almost entirely expressionist: Mr. O'Neill is not. He uses some expressionistic methods, but so did Shakespeare. This letter is not in any way meant to be a glorification of one method over the other. It is merely written to point out to Mr. Baury, for whom I have great respect, that it is not impossible that he is not entirely familiar with those "familiar methods" of the "modernist movement in Germany." I am, etc., Provincetown, Massachusetts.

LOUIS KANTOR.

## BOOKS.

### TWO ENGLISH POETS.

WHEN a bad poet has written a highly successful play, and has achieved the result of making a certain stir among that public which neither knows nor cares anything about the quality of poetic achievement, it is in the public interest to point out the special bad-

ness of his work. Mr. John Drinkwater<sup>1</sup> is to-day in that position; his work, adored, I am told, of English schoolmasters, and, quite possibly, of American women's clubs, is essentially not only bad, but vicious. It steadfastly shirks the harder and more unpalatable facts of existence, to take refuge in a diet of weak sentiment and in that sense of comfortable well-being which springs from the acceptance of one's own mediocrity; it is too unfailingly well-bred to become a release for the blacker passions, the more immoderate desires of its author. It carefully disposes itself in the attitudes we expect of it; it is, above all, safe, sane, and traditional. We approach it in the same spirit in which we approach a sentimental love-story, a tepid essay, or an editorial in a conservative newspaper. It will serve to pass away the time, and make us think that we are not such bad fellows after all. But the inner reason why it is essentially bad is a matter on which no one but a fanatic for poetic excellence is likely to inform us.

To begin with, Mr. Drinkwater is, as I have said, traditional. His poetry is rooted in the English soil; it rests on the English tradition. But where the work of Thomas Hardy, to take an outstanding example, questions and debates fiercely and angrily the potency of that soil and tradition to bring forth a life worth living, Mr. Drinkwater contentedly browses on the fact that his ancestors walked the same earth that he now inhabits, and that he knows a good deal about seventeenth-century poetry and history. He is therefore typical of that decadence which we have come to associate with the name of the present King of England. It is a decadence like that of the apple trees which one finds sometimes growing by the side of deserted farmhouses in New England. They are still bearing, and the fruits they produce are tolerable enough to look at, but because the earth has remained unstirred about their roots for too long, they are unpalatable. Mr. Drinkwater's works are like those worthless apples, from decaying and neglected trees. He is still able to produce some fruit, and to apologize for its quality by remarking that it came from the same stock as that which bore Shelley, Keats, Marvell, Donne, and Shakespeare. But he forgets to mention that the stock itself is now unsound, and that the world we live in is not that of Shelley or Shakespeare. Neither Shelley nor Shakespeare could have descended to the unmanly mawkishness of such a passage as this:

Dear life, be merciful and kind;  
Lend me your hand, for I am blind;  
Lend me your wit, for mine too soon  
Inhabits with the spectral moon.  
Prepare your still intelligence  
To watch beside my ailing sense.

In comparison with such stuff, the work of Mr. de la Mare<sup>2</sup> swells out to enormous proportions. I am far from considering him to be a great poet, but he has an elvish fancy, a fitful and melancholy music of his own, and a nervous, needle-pointed style. None of the poems contained in "The Veil" marks any advance on the work he has previously done in "The Listeners" or "Peacock Pie." Some of them, unfortunately, read as if Mr. de la Mare's "magic" were wearing a bit thin in places, and as if the author were wearily aware of the fact. But "The Last Coach-load" is a monstrously complete piece of fantasy; "Good-Bye" haunts the mind with a broken sense

<sup>1</sup> "Seeds of Time." John Drinkwater. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

<sup>2</sup> "The Veil and Other Poems." Walter de La Mare. New York: Henry Holt and Co. \$2.00.

of harrowing futility; and as an apologia for dreamers, "The Catechism" is poignantly unanswerable:

'Hast thou then naught wiser to bring  
Than worn-out songs of moon and of rose?  
'Cracked my voice, and broken my wing,  
God knows.'

'Tell'st thou no truth of the life that is;  
Seek'st thou from heaven no pitying sign?  
'Ask thine own heart these mysteries;  
Not mine.'

'Fool. The night comes. 'Tis late. Arise!  
Cold lap the waters of Jordan stream.  
'Deep be their flood and tranquil thine eyes  
With a dream.'

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

#### A PEEP AT THE HINDU SPIRIT.

ALL children, young and old alike, will welcome a second volume of Buddhist "birth stories" that has just appeared.<sup>1</sup> There are twenty-one short tales in this volume, and they are nearly all about our animal cousins—tricky wolves and foolhardy wolves, vainglorious lions, wise goats, and friendly elephants, woodpeckers, turtles and deer. We learn a great deal about these beasts and about their stratagems, disappointments, and heroisms; and we also learn, by inference, what is generally considered more important, something about the mental and moral constitution of Man, the most active member of the animal kingdom. For a pleasing introduction to the sciences of folk-lore, zoology, psychology, and ethics it would be difficult to find a match for this slender volume, which contains, moreover, much good-natured, whimsical, and sly-winking drama, a form of entertainment not often found in the more formal treatises devoted to natural and historical science.

It is not easy to say exactly wherein consists the charm of these unpretentious tales. There are many little stories for children that are simply told and well, but I have read few which so unerringly use the right words; moreover, they are quite free from that over simplicity which is condescension to the child. Mr. Ellsworth Young, the illustrator, contributes a good deal to the effect with his spirited and charmingly decorative charcoal-sketches. I like particularly the picture on page forty-five, which shows how the monkeys passed from one mango tree to another over the back of their devoted chief, who had made a bridge of himself with the help of his long tail and arms.

More subtly appealing than the style of the translator or the lines of the illustrations, however, is a certain gentleness of spirit that pervades the stories themselves. It would be interesting to compare them on this score with Grimm's fairy tales and with the fables of Aesop. The folk-world of the Grimm stories is "uncensored" to a degree. The delighted ego indulges in unheard-of triumphs and tramples on its resistant environment with cruelty and joy. There is a drastic completeness in the victory of Cinderella that arouses misgivings. Has it ever been pointed out that her horrid sisters deserved at least the pretence of consideration? Recollecting what an uncomfortable time they had with their bleeding feet, I find it difficult to forgive the ultra-moralistic birds for depriving them of their jealous eyesight. Grimm's fairy tales have all the egoistic ferocity of a day-dreaming child who has just been given an undeserved spanking. Aesop is a terribly efficient schoolmaster, squeezing all the life and fancy out of the Oriental tales that fell into his hands. It is agreeable to remember that this Hellenic grandfather of our efficiency-experts and Methodist deacons was only a slave after all. It has not yet been satisfactorily explained by historians how his master was able to tolerate him.

The Jataka tales are not so humanitarian as entirely to rule out a primitive wish-fulfilment that mauls the op-

posing personality, nor do they hesitate to wave a careless hand at the moral anxiously waiting round the corner; yet their prevailing tone is civilized, restrained, casual. There are not a few passages, and there are even a couple of entire tales, that must seem a bit pointless to the strenuous day-dreamer or uplifter, and yet they embody the essential charm of the book as a whole. Punishment is meted out, but without vindictiveness. In "The Brave Little Bowman," the big man who takes undue credit to himself for his page's archery is punished by the exhibition of his own cowardice, not by having his ears lopped off, as would undoubtedly have happened in Grimmeland. In short, these ancient Jataka stories reflect the courteous, humane and nuanced sentiments of a folk that had long learned the art of gentle living. Between their innocent lines there is much food for our spirits.

EDWARD SAPIR.

#### A RETICENT DIPLOMAT.

DR. PAUL S. REINSCH has brought together in a small volume, under the title of "Secret Diplomacy," the materials on which he based his Presidential Address before the American Political Science Association on 28 December, 1920. Nearly one-half of the book is devoted to a cursory review of diplomatic practices previous to the great war. The papers and methods already fully exploited by Mr. Neilson, Mr. Morel and Earl Loreburn are here surveyed anew. Though this may seem to professed students a work of supererogation, when the state of general knowledge is considered there is reason for being grateful to a man of such standing as Dr. Reinsch for telling again a story that can not be told too often. It is quite surprising to find, however, that he has not made use of the very important material which has come to light since the three gentlemen just named wrote their books, especially the papers published in *Isvestia* and *Prawda* since the publication of the secret treaties. Many of these papers were available nearly two years before Dr. Reinsch delivered his address, and they shed such a lurid light on the arts of diplomacy that the earlier documents and speeches seem slight in comparison; still, they only show more clearly how sinister was the secrecy and how Stygian the methods of which Dr. Reinsch complains.

After his review of the past, the author considers the problems of the future. He examines with care and judgment the various claims advanced in the interest of "democratic control over diplomacy" and the several devices suggested for making an end to the evils of the old art. He is cautious in his reasoning and has little faith in nostrums and mechanisms. He believes that some advance would be made if the world would adopt the American principle that treaties, to be binding, must be ratified by the legislative bodies of the countries concerned, and published. This practice should be supplemented by publicity and by popular education in diplomatic affairs. Dr. Reinsch thinks that "the record and constant practice of the United States, as well as her great actual and potential power, fit her above all others to be a leader in the establishment of this principle"; and that although European diplomats may occasionally sneer at American idealism, the peoples of the world, especially of Russia and China, "would willingly look to America for leadership and guidance."

A word may be said concerning the idea of publicity for treaties. As the records of the Anglo-Russian and Anglo-French Ententes show, treaties in a formal sense are absolutely unnecessary to the successful conduct of diplomacy. Over and over again it was said by the participants, English, French and Russian, that a formal treaty could add nothing to the obligations created by "conversations." Furthermore, the diplomacy of the United States has been and is as secret as that of any other country in the world in spite of the necessity of having treaties ratified by the Senate. The President of the United States, for the term of his office, has substantially unlimited powers in foreign affairs, and he

<sup>1</sup> "More Jataka Tales." Retold by Ellen C. Babbitt. New York: The Century Co. \$1.25.

<sup>1</sup> "Secret Diplomacy." Paul S. Reinsch. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00.

can not be compelled to give any account of himself. He may, as did Mr. Wilson, keep the secret papers in his own strong box and publish such of them as he thinks will further his design to establish his political character. He can order the army and navy about at will, waging war on peoples against whom Congress has declared no war, and occupying the territory of peoples with whom the United States is at peace. Consider Mr. Wilson's private war on the Russians and his operations in Haiti and Santo Domingo! The President of the United States may, by his movements of troops and ships, by his secret negotiations, and by his public messages, create international situations in which Congress has no choice but to declare war. A safe example, one which will arouse no present-day passions, is President Polk's movement of troops at the opening of the Mexican war. The archives of Washington are as closed to American citizens as are the archives of the Quai d'Orsay. This is not criticism; it is a statement of fact. Thanks to the recent publication of Russian archives we are also able to see behind the scenes in the operations of Mr. Knox as Secretary of State, and any candid person who will read these revelations will have to confess that Mr. Knox was as adept in the grand old game as M. Isvolsky and M. Sazonov, to say nothing of Earl Grey and M. Motono. That is why seasoned European statesmen fail to appreciate the "idealism" of which Mr. Reinsch makes so much.

There are other reasons, one of which may be adduced here. Mr. Reinsch was our ambassador to China during the great war. Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, in a burst of patriotic pride, has told us how Mr. Reinsch, backed by astute engineers in politics, drove the Chinese Government into declaring war on Germany. Let us quote Mr. Blythe, who thinks he is giving Mr. Reinsch great praise: "For hours and hours, day and night, Peking resounded with speeches to timid Chinese made by these urgent Americans and the two invaluable Australians, urging, forcing, begging, cajoling, and showing the Chinese. . . . There was no let-up to the campaign. Dr. Reinsch was indefatigable. He had repeated audiences with the President and with the Premier. He worked day and night and he captained the squad that was working with him. . . . It is not necessary to say when or where or by whom the note to Germany and the note to the United States, presented by China, were written. All that is necessary to say is that . . . they were entirely satisfactory both in the manner and in the matter to all intimately concerned." American idealism was further illustrated when in 1919 Senator Hiram Johnson asked President Wilson whether China entered the war upon our advice and Mr. Wilson responded: "I can not tell, sir. We advised her to enter and she soon after did. Whether she sought our advice and whether that was the persuasive advice or not, I do not know." In view of the fact that Mr. Wilson had not heard of the secret treaties until he reached Paris, it is probable that he had not read Mr. Blythe's account of his own envoy's patriotic activities in China.

Dr. Reinsch could add considerably to the public information about which he is so solicitous, if he would let us know exactly and fully how he brought the recalcitrant Chinese to book. He should write another book on secret diplomacy. A real one would make diverting reading and do more good than an academic treatise prepared for an academic audience.

S. R. FRANKLIN.

#### YOUTH IN CUBA.

THE newer work of Spanish- and Portuguese-American writers is largely the product of small groups organized in the various national centres. Thus, in Argentina there is the "Nosotros" (We) coterie; in Brazil, the "Revista do Brazil" group, headed by the author-publisher Monteiro Lobato; there are groups of all shades of opinion, of course, yet whatever there is of a positive programme always seems to come from the "advanced" sectors. Among these, the group of the *Cuba Contemporánea*

*poránea*—a monthly magazine published in Havana—takes a prominent position. This nine-year-old magazine is by no means exclusively literary; it is, in a measure, the country's forum, and it publishes articles dealing with education, history, diplomacy, and topics of international interest, as well as criticisms, book-reviews, and original fiction. Strangely enough, though the works of poets are often noticed, original poems do not abound in the pages of this magazine. This, it may be said without malice, is an excellent sign; for if anything helps to spoil the usual South American review, it is the vapid, conventional type of poem that is manufactured almost as easily as ordinary conversation, and is usually worth just a trifle less. We in the United States have our own troubles, Parnassus knows; but racial coldness saves us from the bathos into which over-ardent Southern rhymesters fall, even as (excluding the inevitable exceptions) it holds us back from the erotic flights—but flights they are, none the less—of a Dario or an Olavo Bilac.

The *Cuba Contemporánea*, then, is more than a magazine; it is the symbol of Cuba's advancing youth. Though it holds its columns open to opinions of every colour, for which only the signers are responsible, it has a tendency of its own. It is the regular publication of an association that also issues books, pamphlets, occasional plays, as well as carefully chosen translations. Its "Cubanism" is marked, but not chauvinistic; its outlook, indeed, is international. Its national aspirations are a token of the affirmation of the country's personality, not the rabid flag-waving of professional hypocrites. If its aim is a really free Cuba it is because a really free Cuba means all the sooner a really free world. Latterly, like the other groups mentioned above, it has felt the impulse of the Clarté manifesto and has reacted to it in its own way.

Yet there is still so much work to be done at home that energies must be carefully husbanded. In Cuba the divorce-law is but a recent innovation; public instruction is a deep problem; the theatre is fairly nonexistent, though a few brave spirits have attempted to regenerate the drama. It is not to be wondered at, then, if literature in Cuba tends to be purposive; political poetry and the political novel are old friends below the Rio Grande. In spite of all the talk of art that goes on among the various groups, and for all their easy dismissal of the United States as a materialistic colossus without appetite for or appreciation of higher things; for all the ready importation of the newest French literary modes, I doubt whether these young men and women, as a whole, have as firm a grasp upon aesthetic problems as have our own analogous coteries. The reason is partly to be sought in the utter necessity of educating an ignorant populace; hence the popularity, among these intellectuals, of Barbussé and Rolland. Again, the members of the groups, more or less knowingly, practise the art of log-rolling in a manner that suggests the recent encomiums exchanged by some of our own newly "arrived" novelists and poets. But these are conditions indigenous to all literatures, and they should not be allowed to obscure the higher qualities—qualities far more rare simply because they are higher.

Up to a short time ago the director of the association called "Cuba Contemporánea" was Carlos de Velasco; under whose leadership the society did its most important work. His own contribution has been rather of a bibliographical nature; he has translated from the Portuguese little-known letters of Eça de Queiroz; he has edited the letters of Estrada Palma, in which may be found traces of that anti-ecclesiastical spirit which is part of the group's programme. This same anti-clerical spirit, which has complicated the nation's educational problems, was aimed at by the recent translation of Dumas's "Question of Divorce," originally published in France in 1879, at a time when that country was seething in debate over divorce-reform. That this translation should have been required in Cuba some forty years later is itself a sad commentary upon human progress; that it should have been made is a happier foot-note to that same com-

mentary. The act permitting divorce was but recently passed in Cuba, and its sponsors were not satisfied that the mere passing of the law was enough to guarantee the freedom which seems to be finding hidden opposition through the abuse of clerical functions. Hence Dumas's book; and hence, too, such a novel as Carlos Loveira's "Los Inmorales," which he has since followed up with the satire "Generales y Doctores."

Carlos Loveira is a young man whose vicissitudes have carried him to nearly every part of the globe. He was born of poor parents and is largely self-educated. Before entering the ranks as a representative of labour, he was a locomotive-engineer; he knows English well, and has attended several conferences at Washington. His novels<sup>1</sup> are the direct product of his experience and his ideas. In the first, "The Immoralists" one might call it, he reveals in the frankest manner the ordeal of a couple who might not have been much benefited by marital freedom, to tell the truth, but who were utterly ruined by the rigid anti-divorce laws operative in their country. The book is valuable for its first-hand knowledge of life in a certain stratum of the proletariat. Loveira has been a labourer with these men; he has been their "leader"; he knows them too well to consider them perfect, and, being by nature a social satirist, he has treated them realistically. He gives us glimpses into the contradictions and incongruities of a social life that reeks with foulness beneath its glittering surface. It is difficult for a mere stranger to say whether his pictures are over-drawn or his satire too sharp.

In "Generals and Doctors," a tale that deals with the culminating events of the Cuban revolution against Spain, Loveira portrays the weakness for titles and honours that vitiates much of Cuban life, as well as life in the other Latin-American Republics. One of the humorous shapes this exhibitionism takes is the listing, in the first little book of an author, of a number of imposing titles of works "in preparation." The first line of the work may not have been written, but the titles look well and some day the author may have an inspiration. A pleasing variation of this habit appeared quite recently when a poet listed five other books—actually written—under the title, "Books which have not yet found a publisher." Loveira has not yet mastered his materials; but he seems certain to do so, and when he does, Cuba will have produced a worthy representative novelist.

If the drama was held in any regard on the island, the name of José Antonio Ramos,<sup>2</sup> though not that of a great dramatist, would be better known than it is. One of his plays justly won the commendation of Jacinto Benavente as far back as 1911. Ramos has felt the influence of the notable Europeans; he has ideas; a sense of situation informs whatever he has written; he possesses an artistic personality. It may be he, if conditions permit, who will lay the corner stone of a genuine contemporary Cuban drama, although he is hampered by the inadequacy of his milieu and by the Lorelei of politics, which lures him from his more artistic labours. His plays, like Loveira's novels, breathe a new freedom, political idealism, social sanity. Again, like Loveira's novels, they might profit by a more careful technique; but the spirit, without which all technique is an empty husk, is undoubtedly there. "Liberta," his best play thus far, suggests ideological analogies to Ibsen's play about Nora and the Italian Bracco's "Maternità." It depicts the evolution of a woman from a "clinging-vine" to a master of men. Patient Griselda becomes a Candida who uses her freedom of choice more resolutely.

The importance of the "Cuba Contemporánea" group, as of the other groups here referred to, is on the whole more social than literary. Is this not true, fundamentally, of Barbusse and the later Rolland, who have so attracted Spanish-American youth? But foundations must be laid before structures are reared.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

<sup>1</sup> "Los Inmorales," "Generales y Doctores," Carlos Loveira, Habana, Cuba: Cuba Contemporánea.

<sup>2</sup> "Liberta," "Satanás," "Cuando el amor muere," "Calibán Rex," "El Traidor," "Tembladera," "El hombre fuerte," José Antonio Ramos, Habana, Cuba.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

BARON SERGIUS A. KORFF, sometime professor of Russian law and history at Helsingfors and at Petrograd, has gathered into a book<sup>1</sup> his lectures on Russia's foreign relations prior to the war, delivered last summer at the naïve forum, the Institute of Politics at Williams College. The volume makes a pitifully shallow offering. Baron Korff is of the type of those Russian "liberal" intellectuals who fled as soon as the revolution assumed economic significance. His book, with its superstition that personal wickedness is the creative force of evil and its pathetic faith in parliamentarianism, is a curious hodge-podge of unreality. His hero seems to be Sir Edward Grey, who "will remain in history as one of the greatest idealists of our day," as the baron remarks, after a vague discussion of Sir Edward's thimble-rigging tactics in Persia. In view of what we now know of the relation between Sir Edward's secret dickers and deals and the present ruin in Europe, it is difficult to realize that Baron Korff is not speaking in irony, but his own view seems to be that the war came as the result of autocratic jockeyings by the Tsar and the Kaiser. He concludes with an essay of several thousand words on the evils of secret diplomacy, in which the Algeciras affair is not so much as mentioned. This is a characteristic omission. Long before the end of the volume one realizes why the puzzled political reformers who attempted the Tsar's inheritance were speedily displaced by economists with a realistic sense of what they wanted and how to get it. Probably the liberal of to-day is the person who can neither learn nor remember.

H. K.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S latest contribution to political science<sup>2</sup> is, as the paper wrapper informs us, a "brilliant survey." But all is not gold that is brilliant. In spite of his considerable historical knowledge, his stimulating fertility of ideas, his attractive clarity of style, Mr. Belloc's political theories are shoddy. The scholastic logic in which he revels is a fascinating pastime, but he can not contribute much to genuine knowledge. For him words are things, and theories fundamental. They exist in order to be proved. Mr. Belloc scorns the method of inquiry, so slow in process and often so turgid in result, and instead selects and marshals his facts to fit neatly into a pre-ordained scheme. He does not set out to discover but to convince, and what chiefly invalidates his analysis of modern England is his habit of ignoring economics and his consequent unwillingness to face the fact that the growing consciousness and resentment of economic inequality is rapidly making class-politics rather than regional or national politics the dominant question in all countries. Mr. Belloc coolly asserts that "It was not indeed anything material—it was not coal or machinery, it was a spirit: the religion and philosophy of Industrial Capitalism," that transformed England in the nineteenth century. And he concludes that, since the urban population is no longer interested in parliamentary government, but only in the "realization of certain political formulæ, these also for the most part of an economic character," political consciousness at present is "a void." But though there may be "no trace of any egalitarian spirit at work in our towns," there is much more than a trace of the proletarian spirit—the desire for dominance, for the creation of an oligarchy of labour to replace the moribund oligarchy of "the gentry" which Mr. Belloc so neatly analyses. This desire for class dominance, which is almost certain to play a major part in the changes of the future, Mr. Belloc complacently ignores.

V. G.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

A FRIEND reminds me that the function of criticism is not only to work with and assist the creative artist; that it has other functions as well; that literary criticism, for example, has for its aim not only to help the writer in the production of better work, but to help the reader to a discriminating understanding and appreciation of what he reads; and that therefore an overemphasis upon the relation of the critic to the writer is narrowing and retarding. This is quite true. The business of literary criticism is first, to learn the best that has been done in literature; then to add to this knowledge an appropriate feeling, a profound and sincere enthusiasm for the best;

<sup>1</sup> "Russia's Foreign Relations during the Last Half Century," Baron Sergius A. Korff, New York: The Macmillan Company, \$2.25.

<sup>2</sup> "The House of Commons and Monarchy," Hilaire Belloc, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

and finally, to propagate this knowledge and enthusiasm in every practicable way. To learn the best, and to evoke an appropriate feeling for it, is a fairly clear and uniform process; it does not vary greatly with time or circumstances. One learns about as one always learned; there are no more roads open to sound learning than ever there were, though they are perhaps a little smoother and more generally accessible at one time than at another. One's enthusiasm develops about as it always did; circumstances no doubt may tend powerfully to retard or encourage this development, but not to change its course. Most advantageously to propagate sound knowledge and profound feeling, however, is pretty strictly an affair of the moment; at one time it can be better done in one way, and at another time in another way; at one time by directly addressing one group or class in society and by keeping uppermost in mind the special interests and requirements of this group, and at another time by proceeding quite otherwise. The central theory and purpose of literary criticism is always the same, and its function is always the same. The question is, then, not whether absolutely it should address itself more directly to the writer, and absolutely keep uppermost the writer's interests, but whether *at this time* it should do so.

FOR my own part, I am disposed to think that criticism might profitably just now, in the present circumstances of American life, show some special inclination towards the writer. In the first place, like Artemus Ward's militia-company which was composed exclusively of brigadier-generals, our reading public (other than our newspaper-reading and advertisement-reading public, which is incorrigible) is also to an astonishingly large extent, a writing public. My own practical experience with publishing, and my acquaintance with publishers, are very slight; but slight as they are, they have been enough to fill me with amazement at the number of persons who, the country over, are making some sort of dab at writing; not professionally, not by any means invariably for the sake of money, but with a definite view to being read in print. I have been long waiting for some one in a place of advantage for observing this phenomenon, some publisher or manuscript-reader, to make a study of it. Nothing like it, unquestionably, was ever seen before. Many causes have combined to produce it. For one thing, publication was never so easy; anybody can get anything published somewhere. The country is littered with newspapers, books drop from the press as numerous and aimless as acorns, our popular magazines are as the sands of the sea for multitude, and terrible as an army with banners. Then, our system of "a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher education," as Renan so well described it, has enabled great numbers of people, after a fashion, to read and write, to use their eyes on letters and to wield a pen in forming letters; and this tends to set up in some of them a notion that under an appropriate stimulus they can wield a pen effectively, and in even more it begets some sort of desire or fancy, even if not very strong and definite, for doing so.

**CRITICISM** not only desires culture, but desires to make it prevail; it desires culture for every one. Under a just economic system, culture would be a free property, for its appropriation is enabled by abundance and leisure, which a just economic system would ensure to all. The growing consciousness of this dependence is what led me to say last week that the next step in general criticism is to show the relation of the arts, of all the spiritual activities of mankind, to the economic system under which they are practised. The modern critic, if he is to have any usefulness at all, and not waste his time on mere counsels of perfection, must be enough of an economist to perceive this relation clearly and expound it accurately.

Culture, then, depending for its appropriation upon abundance and leisure, it follows that whatever general cul-

ture is possible under the present economic system is a product of the relatively high culture of certain classes. Very serious consequences to general culture in Europe may be predicated—in fact, they are already acutely felt—from the violent dislocations that have taken place in the classes in which abundance and leisure have been hereditary. Mr. Henry L. Mencken perceives these facts and is aware of their seriousness, which is a credit to him; but he allows them to bring him out (if I understand him correctly, though I am by no means sure that I do) to the remarkable conclusion that culture has its only chance of prevalence or at all events its best chance, under an aristocracy. Mr. Mencken sincerely loves culture, he disinterestedly wishes it to prevail, and for this every humane spirit is in his debt; there are too few like him. But in failing to recognize the relation of culture to an economic system which denies abundance and leisure to all but a handful, he shows himself utterly incompetent as a critic.

WELL, then, since we must do the best possible under the limitations of an economic system which permits the diffusion of general culture only through the relatively high culture of certain classes; and there being here no classes with which the possession of abundance and leisure has been for any length of time hereditary; it seems possible that criticism, especially literary criticism, may find its best power or purchase in this large, nebulous body of persons who have some sort of interest in writing. If criticism does not lose its balance, does not become exclusive, but yet manages to give its work a turn which shall just touch this interest, it may perhaps get farther than if it took some less direct course. It may perhaps prepossess, in some degree, the instinct of workmanship, and secure its co-operation, though ever so little and fitfully. The man who has written letters to his county paper about a post-road, the woman who is writing an address on Browning for the local woman's club, the girl or boy just out of school who is taking a tentative flight in fiction or poetry, the journalist who would really like to do a little better than he does, the paragrapher or commentator on current events—from the humblest practitioners of literature, and there are thousands upon thousands of them, might come, it seems to me, some favourable response to criticism that, without any great sacrifice of proportion, gives some intimation of their own inner experience: and through them, through this co-operation of the instinct of workmanship, whatever it amounts to, the range and scope of culture might be extended.

AT all events, I see no better place for criticism to begin its salutary work of dissolving prejudices and prepossessions, of maturing rawness and crudeness, of informing and refining sentiment, of "making reason and the will of God prevail." One thing is certain; this place has hitherto been left untouched. Criticism, in looking around for a *point d'appui* in American life, has never chosen this one. The American writer can not complain that critics have ever discouraged him from doing manfully what was right in his own eyes, or ever troubled themselves, indeed, to take him into account at all. American letters have been enriched by a considerable volume of criticism of careful, even of Olympian disinterestedness. My friend whom I mentioned at the outset as anxious about the totality and symmetry of criticism, must be charmed by it, because it certainly has in view no special class or set of interests. Mr. More, Mr. Brownell, Mr. Babbitt; Mr. Sherman, for example, can never be accused of deforming their criticism by giving it a special direction, unless towards the spirits of just men made perfect; and as an offset to their work, or a reaction against it, we have that of Mr. Mencken! As I contemplate the net effect of all this as expressed in general culture, I am moved to urge another point of attack. Possibly I have not hit upon the best one, but it is competent for those who have their doubts about it to suggest a better.

OUR serious-minded grandfathers discussed free will, predestination, transmigration and other grave subjects dealing with man's relation to the universe and the hereafter. Times change: industrialism, invention and discoveries in science have deflected us from the objectives of the grandparents, and we talk in terms of psychology, ethics, engineering.

Life was simpler for Grandfather (each generation thinks that its day is the most complex!): business meant to buy low and sell high; in religion and politics he donned ready-made garments which covered his needs. Viewed from the dizzy and uncertain heights to which the modern sciences (fresh ones every hour!) have raised us, the placid landscape of existence a few generations ago is lulling and alluring.

But (we rouse ourselves from warm-weather reflections), here we are well into the twentieth century, and what are we going to do with it? There are thousands of persons too intelligent to accept the world of to-day with the stolidity of peasants whom nothing astonishes; they find themselves entangled in the cultural maze of new theories, conflicting tendencies and tangential speculation in art, science, philosophy and even in the once simple business of living.

There is no difficulty here for the ignorant, but the enlightened man is grateful for a medium which permits him to see the cultural life of his period in something like true perspective. The FREEMAN, in its weekly progress offers, not a summary or digest of the world's business and thought, but such a vista of life as a group of unprejudiced, intellectually-eager, open-minded persons sees. The FREEMAN does not ask you to agree: it asks you to enjoy; it invites you to regard the prospect from its observatory.

THE FREEMAN, 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

*Enclosed please find \$1.00 each (total \$.....) for SUMMER SUBSCRIPTION  
of ten (10) weeks each. Notify the recipients that I am the donor.*

NAME

STREET, CITY AND STATE

Signed .....

Address .....

Price of the FREEMAN: In the United States, postpaid, 52 issues, \$6.00; 26 issues, \$3.00; 10 issues, \$1.00. In Canada, 52 issues, \$6.50; 26 issues, \$3.25; 10 issues, \$1.00. In other foreign countries, 52 issues, \$7.00; 26 issues, \$3.50; 10 issues, \$1.00.

F. 7. 5. 22.